

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

## CASTLE RICHMOND.\*

THE number of good novels in a year may usually be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Here, as elsewhere, there is a law in operation, which, though really only the expression of a fact, impresses us with a belief in some stringent uniformity which has subdued the very sphere of imagination to its purposes. It is certainly within the compass of human probabilities that we should have half a dozen novels as good as the "Mill on the Floss" in the course of a given year, yet no one expects that this will be the case. After ascertaining the existence of a law, we may perhaps allowably indulge in a little speculation about its final cause in the system of things. Now, looking to the state of society and of knowledge in the present day, we think it is not difficult to establish a sound, moral, and intellectual basis for the law which so jealously limits the number of good novels in a year to two or three at the most. There is not time enough to admit of our reading more. It is contrary to the purposes of life that ideal scenes and character should throw the real, living, toiling, suffering, hoping world around us into the background, and occupy, as they easily might, the whole foreground of our sympathies and interest. Society would very soon be in the case of an individual, who has so debilitated himself with fruit and pastry, as to require some very stringent remedies before his palate is again equal to the plain wholesome diet so unwisely deserted. This analogy of course bears more upon the effects which any excess in such a luxury as novel-reading entails, than upon any necessary resemblance (though there not unfrequently is one) between the productions of a pastrycook's shop and the modern press. Novels may be very good and even elevating reading in their way, but a continued study of even the best works of this class, to the prejudice of the higher imaginative and scientific achievements of man's intellect, would be the very worst training for his own mind which any one could select. Keeping the above view of novels and novel reading before us, the practical inferences which result from it are intelligible enough. We may anticipate—say three good novels in any given year; and when leisure and opportunities of doing so arrive, we read them, often with considerable satisfaction, and often indeed with feelings quite the reverse. We shall pay no attention whatever to the year's astonishing harvest of trash; confident that if it has an appreciable relation to the wants and interests of any section of the human family, it is not to that with which we are most intimately concerned. Neither the ordinary sea-side novel, nor the thrilling romance of the "Family Herald," will occur to us as things to be read, any more than it occurs to us to read all the sermons published by request, or the thickening volumes of "Hansard" and the Statutes at Large. Probably they find readers who believe in them, and appreciate them, or they would cease to appear; we are willing to believe that if the good they do is infinitesimally small, so is the evil. It is surely better to be

thrilled and agonised and have all one's feelings harrowed by the unmerited wrongs of the Lady Angelina, than never to have a hope or fear which travels beyond our narrowed circle, and helps us to forget ourselves. With these opinions we enter upon no crusade against the locust-like armies of novels—green, yellow, and red: we simply do not read them. Like the locusts, they are born to a very brief existence, and we feel quite sure that after a short flight they will tumble to the ground, and be resolved into quite other elements, and still the world go on as before.

For the last few years Mr. A. Trollope has given us a great many good novels, and always, when a new work of his is advertised, we mark it down as a thing to be read, and probably enjoyed. There was a freshness and vivacity about his earlier novels, which, to a reader distressed by the insipid imitations of that particular kind of fun introduced by Mr. Dickens, proved highly acceptable. Perhaps these gifts have in course of time become stiffened into a form of their own; at least in the "Bertrams" and the novel before us we seemed to trace the presence of a mannerism which might soon become an instinctive habit. All rapid writers are exposed to this danger, though all, of course, do not equally succumb to it. Scott is a marvellous instance of a man who could write volumes in a year, and keep almost entirely clear of the vice of repetition, while at the same time he is hardly ever guilty of the trick of eking out his failing matter by introducing irrelevant funniness or ill-timed digressions. Bishops and canons were Mr. Trollope's first love: he delighted in the air of a cathedral close, and in the comfortable presence of the dignitaries of the church. He loved old-fashioned habits, and that old-fashioned goodness which an earnest but singularly irreverent generation takes a pride in girding at. He has indeed never surpassed those first sketches of clerical life, and probably never will. To our minds, Dickens has not advanced one step beyond the Pickwick Papers, though his career of authorship has been a long and successful one. Scott indeed produced novels as good as "Waverley," but hardly, perhaps, one which we can pronounce a marked and unmistakable advance on the earlier work. We quite believe that Mr. Trollope has it in him to give us many good novels up to the mark of the "Warden" and "Barchester Towers," if only he will not fall into the pitfall of some conventional style of his own: the last state of which position is unspeakably worse than the first, as many living examples have proved.

With this reservation, we may pronounce "Castle Richmond" a good and readable novel: not a novel certainly of the highest class, or one which we should think of reading twice or thrice, but an amusing, well-told story. It is, perhaps, a proof of Mr. Trollope's great talent, that he has made so much out of a very commonplace string of events; we know all along what will happen in the difficulty touching the first marriage of Lady Fitzgerald, namely, that her rascally husband, like Mr. Thackeray's peerless scoundrel in "Pendennis," has entered into previous engagements of a matrimonial nature. With this conviction of what would happen, we must acknowledge to feeling very slight sympathy with Sir Thomas when the two Mollets bully him even as outrageously as they do; we know it is quite unnecessary, and that the sole reason why they are introduced is to exhibit or test the sincerity of Lady Clara, the intended of the luckless youth who, by the discovery of his mother's former marriage, must lose his succession to the title and the estate. Everything, of course,

comes right in the end, though we quite share the indignation of Mr. Die, the great barrister, at the precipitation of the family adviser. Oddly enough, it never appears to have occurred to this gentleman to sift the antecedents of the scoundrel whose connection with Lady Fitzgerald entails such painful consequences on the offspring of her second marriage; and yet, as we have said, the greenest novel-reader must anticipate what will happen. An incident like this is a curious instance of the gulf which separates the novel-world from the one in which we wake and move; and yet, to do Mr. Trollope justice, though he offends in details, the relation of his books to real life is generally speaking healthy and well sustained. In the present instance he has grafted on this old, "double-marriage machinery" a very stirring and captivating story.

The scene is laid in Ireland in the famine year of 1847-48. The families of Sir T. Fitzgerald and the Countess of Desmond fill the entire arena of the narrative. The latter has one son, a boy at Eton, and one daughter, Lady Clara, the heroine—with all a heroine's beauty, and more character than usually falls to the lot of that particular species of the human family. A cousin of the neighbouring baronet falls in love with her, while Lady Desmond herself is represented as entertaining feelings of something more than ordinary affection for this wooer of her daughter. We think that Mr. Trollope has exhibited considerable skill in his sketch of this wavering, half-formed love of the poor, proud, handsome Countess for the gallant, impetuous Owen Fitzgerald, nearly fifteen years her junior. Calious, hard, and calculating, as she is compelled to be by the circumstances of her position and the sufferings she has experienced, we can see that the ashes of extinguished sensibilities have not yet lost all their wonted fires: a character like this, if fully brought out, would be a very high effort of art; Mr. Trollope has at least indicated it, and that without any exaggeration or any caricatures of mental disquietude. The Countess, in prosecution of her duties as a mother, breaks off Lady Clara's engagement with Owen Fitzgerald, and forbids him the house. Upon this the young gentleman takes to riotous living, which of course is duly reported to Lady Clara, with considerable exaggerations, in detail. She at last determines to give him up, and shortly afterwards engages herself to his cousin Herbert, the heir to the title and estates. From this point, the real interest of the book is not to be sought for in the direction of the two rascal Mollets, father and son, who bully poor Sir Thomas Fitzgerald into giving them money, under threats of proclaiming the secret of his wife's former marriage, but in the contrast presented by these two cousins, and the varying feelings of Lady Clara towards them. Owen Fitzgerald is a brave, handsome, impetuous fellow, with a wild chivalrous theory of love, which is so frank and captivating, that we cannot wonder at Lady Clara's preferring him; and yet the way in which she afterwards gives him up, in violation of all the old canons of romance, is positively painful. Herbert is the faultless mediocrity of upper society, just as Harry Norman in the "Three Clerks" represents the esteemed and respectable young man of the middle ranks. He in the end is the successful man: the mere fact of his misfortunes (which are really no misfortunes at all) having turned the scale in his favour. He marries Lady Clara, and succeeds to his father's title and estates. Owen Fitzgerald goes abroad, and leaves Lady Desmond in a state of despair. At this point, the story of course ends.

\* *Castle Richmond*. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. In 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall. 1860.)

It will be seen that, though we gave Mr. Trollope high praise for his undoubted talents and very great skill in narrative, we do not rank him among the novelists of the *first* class. For his consolation, we may add that that class is very limited, and we know not any one whom we would sooner vote captain of the *second* than himself. Amusement is a sufficient and praiseworthy end of itself: we don't always want medicine with our jam, nor a tedious application of morals whenever we take up a new novel, and arrange the cushions of the sofa in comfortable order. Mr. Trollope always amuses us, and (let us hope) unconsciously does us good. He has kept his eye on men and manners, and we are pleased at being able to verify his inferences and representations from our own experience. He certainly tells us a great deal about the people we see around us, which might otherwise have escaped us; and yet we do not learn more than what any acute observer of the outside of human nature might have pointed out. We never see into the heart, or pause awestruck before the unveiled and naked soul. Thackeray and Balzac sometimes make us do so; but the author of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss" is, to our thinking, the most eminent master in this line.

One comfortable moral of Mr. Trollope's books we may be permitted to allude to in passing, namely,—the connection between mediocrity and worldly good fortune. No one likes to say to himself, "I am a person of only very average capacities. I can do a few things tolerably well, which others have done before me, and there I must stop. I can write a tolerable essay, a tolerable sermon, or copy of verses. I can get through a speech without disgracing myself, although no orator, and I can just understand the scope and purpose of severe abstract studies without ever feeling any kindling interest in them. Clearly I am only a very mediocre person, and must therefore put up with it, and do my duty in that state of life to which I have been called." This, we say, is a painful conclusion for an ambitious man to come to, and yet it is one which many young men of this age must adopt, if analogy or experience have taught us anything about the proportion of the gifted to the commonplace. Let them accept it frankly, and, reading Mr. Trollope's books, acknowledge that mediocrity is not without its consolations any more than genius or beauty are without their perils.

#### MIND AND BRAIN.\*

M. COMTE, perhaps the most illustrious thinker of the present century, denied that any effective cognisance of moral and intellectual phenomena could be attained to, except by the scientific physiologist. From him we may date the modern school, who maintain that *all* states of mind result from states of body, and who hold that not only our sensations, but also thoughts, emotions, and volitions, are consequent upon corporeal conditions. Even those who do not go so far as this in expression, and affirm that all states of mind are the results either of states of body, or of other states of mind, do in fact take up an all but identical position; for though they remove certain states of mind one step away from corporeal agency, still such states, though at a greater distance and not so directly or immediately, are just as essentially consequent upon bodily condition as those which are a link

higher up. The extreme of this view of mind, as dependent on matter, is taken up by Dr. Cabanis, in his "*Rapports du Physique et du Morale de l'Homme*," of whom Carlyle ironically says:—"He fairly lays open our moral structure with his dissecting knives and real metal probes, and exhibits it to the inspection of mankind by Leuwenhoek microscopes and inflation with the anatomical blowpipe. Thought, he is inclined to hold, is still secreted by the brain, but then poetry and religion are 'a product of the smaller intestines.'" Though this of course is a ludicrous over-statement of the case, there still can be little doubt entertained that the connection between the body and the mind, and even the dependency of the one upon the other to an extent little suspected at present, will at some future time be clearly ascertained and demonstrated. Gall thought he had discovered the key to the relations between mind and body, and a solution to many difficulties of mental analysis, in the conformation of the skull and the supposed corresponding development of the brain; and though phrenology, or craniology, as it must be more appropriately named, is now determined by the best authorities to be an untenable science, still Gall deserves credit for being the first who really attempted to extract the secret of the connection and interdependency of "mind and brain."

The true state of the case, and the best account of the actual position of the whole of this vexed question, is put with his usual philosophic clearness by Mr. J. S. Mill—"The relations of the science of mind to the science of physiology must never be overlooked or undervalued. It must by no means be forgotten that the laws of mind may be derivative laws resulting from laws of animal life, and that their truth therefore may ultimately depend on physical conditions; and the influence of physiological states, or physiological changes, in altering or counteracting the mental successions, is one of the most important departments of psychological study." He then goes on to say that, although mental science is in a very imperfect condition, still it is less so than the corresponding portion of physiological science, and therefore to reject the former, because we believe it to be derivable from the latter, is "an infringement of the true canons of inductive philosophy." In short, if we are to construct a science of human nature, we must unquestionably commence our investigations on the principle enunciated by Aristotle in the outset of his inquiry into Morals, and endorsed by his great modern disciple and interpreter, Bishop Butler—namely, that we must start from what we know best, *i. e.*, facts, a method "in a peculiar manner adapted to satisfy a fair mind."

Dr. Laycock, who is the Lecturer on Medical Psychology in the University of Edinburgh, laments in the work before us that the two departments of mental philosophy and cerebral physiology have been kept apart from each other. His place, therefore, is a medium between the two different schools; or we should rather say, he promises an advance upon both. He proposes to supersede the divisive method of inquiry by a logical combination, on a scientific basis, of the two subjects into one, to have its result in an applied science of mind, which he declares only to be possible by means of a scientific correlation of the two classes of laws, those of consciousness and those of organisation—that is, the laws of the phenomena of life, and of the phenomena of consciousness. Hitherto the phenomena of life have been monopolised by the physiologist, and the phenomena of consciousness

by the mental philosopher. Dr. Laycock proposes to effect a reconciliation between the two, and hopes by a judicious and scientific union to advance both. "On the one hand, the phenomena of life and organisation are brought into the domain of philosophy; on the other, the phenomena of thought are brought into the domain of physiology."

The work is divided into three parts, of which the first develops the method proper to the inquiry; the second epitomises the generalisations which previous speculations on the divisive method have established; and the third establishes a law with derivative laws, which correlate the laws of life and consciousness.

The task which Dr. Laycock has set before himself is, as our readers may readily infer, very far from being an easy one. It requires an enormous amount of erudition, for we should scarcely deem any one fit for harmonising and effecting a mutual interpretation between physiology and psychology who was not familiar with the past history and the latest discoveries in both sciences. It implies, moreover, what is perhaps more difficult of attainment, a tolerable acquaintance with aesthetics on the one hand, and the whole domain of the science of sentient beings on the other. If satisfactorily executed, it would fill as many volumes as the memorable "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*," and therefore we can hardly believe that the whole matter is disposed of in the two post-octaves in which Dr. Laycock enunciates and examines its principles and conclusions. However, he has produced a work which displays much thought and much learning, which is impregnated with a candid and philosophic spirit, which is creditable to the condition of science among us, and which does not exhaust the subject only because the subject is inexhaustible. It is possible to find fault with the method which he has developed and employed, but all must admit that the conclusions at which he arrives are consistent with his first principles, and all must welcome a book which tends to stimulate thought and promote knowledge on one of the most important subjects which can engage the human mind.

Naturally, the most original and the most novel portion of Dr. Laycock's work is that which treats of the method to be used in the discovery of the laws which correlate the phenomena of life and those of consciousness. The prime step in the establishment of any method is for the thinker to put before his own mind, clearly and definitely, the nature of the end to which his method is intended to conduct. Simple and obvious as this precept may seem, we could point out a large number of authors who, in setting up the method by which they proposed to conduct scientific investigation, have never formed to themselves a distinct and accurate notion as to the nature of the matter with which they would have to deal, and the kind of conclusions at which they would arrive. We want, then, a method for constructing "a science of mind founded on a philosophical physiology of the brain," a method of discovering the law or laws which constitute the *nexus* or correlating link between mental and vital states. Without going through the steps of the process, let us enumerate briefly the preliminary conclusions. Of these, the first is that the fundamental principles of our proposed practical science of mind, are the generalisations of the experience of mankind, as detected in (1) language, (2) laws of society, and (3) the conduct of individuals. This, of course, presumes a due allowance for, and due elimination

\**Mind and Brain; or, the Correlations of Consciousness and Organisation.* By Thomas Laycock, M.D. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox, 1860.)



of error. Thus, by observation and induction, we obtain the first principles; and we have to go through three distinct stages: (a) "we examine consciousness in relation to vital phenomena;" (b) "we investigate Existence in relation to vital and physical phenomena;" (c) "we develop the great correlations with the physical and vital forces considered in relation to design in creation, viewed as a systematic unity, or the doctrine of Ends."

"First," says Dr. Laycock, "we shall have to inquire into the general and scientific experience of mankind as to their states of consciousness; next, we shall have to examine into the fundamental laws of existence; and thirdly, into the first principles of mind as an ordering force to ends. There are, therefore, three sets of truths to be investigated—those of Empirical Psychology, of Ontology, and Teleology." There is some pedantry here to be complained of, but beneath it lies a sound truth, that in our inquiries after the practical science of mind, we must only regard the testimony of the common sense and experience of mankind.

Having summed up the chief truths of mental and physiological science, the author proceeds to throw a bridge "across the impassable gulf which has hitherto appeared to separate the phenomena of life and organisation and thought;" and what is this bridge? "Looking at the two classes of phenomena, and examining what they have in common, this principle is deduced—namely, That whereas mind designs—life is designed. Design, therefore, is common to both; but in the one case there is a conscious energy of design, in the other an unconscious. And this further law of correlation is universally manifest, viz.,—That the results of the vital forces, operative according to a law of design, coincide with the various states of unconsciousness, known as desires, feelings, and the like." Here, therefore, we have that general law which correlates the laws both of life and consciousness—a general law of design. From this law are developed the principles of teleology, or mental dynamics. The result of the whole is that—"Mind is the final cause, as an ordering force, of all the physical forces, and of all their derivative manifestations in the phenomena of creation." Accordingly, Dr. Laycock dwells strongly on the necessity, not only of considering the mind, as does the psychologist, nor the brain only, as does the physiologist, but also of comparing and classifying the phenomena of mind as displayed in creation. We must view the designing agent in relation with the objects designed—we must explain the entities designed in reference to the mind which designs.

The chapter from which the best view of Dr. Laycock's scheme may be obtained is that in the second volume, on the classification of correlative mental and vital phenomena. Here the principles upon which such a classification should be conducted are laid down, as well as illustrations given of what such a classification would be in a complete and perfect condition. We recommend the perusal of this to all who are curious as to the results and tendencies of Dr. Laycock's system. We have given a very cursory sketch of his design, and the way in which he carries it out; we are totally unable to give anything like an adequate account or criticism of a work whose scope is all but co-extensive with the range of human knowledge. As we said before, Dr. Laycock has perhaps condensed his arguments and illustrations into too small space; but, on the whole, his work is of great value, both as an original contribution to science, and as singularly calculated to awaken curiosity and a spirit of inquiry.

#### FITZPATRICK'S MEMOIR OF LADY MORGAN.\*

In laying down Mr. Fitzpatrick's book, there is at least this conclusion inevitable, that be the merits of Lady Morgan what they may, she has found a conscientious and painstaking biographer, who has ransacked for materials far and near, and as part of his reward has solved a mystery which even John Wilson Croker himself failed to fathom, although he issued a regular commission of inquiry on the subject. We allude to Mr. Fitzpatrick's discovery of the exact age of Lady Morgan, which we now know, although, so long as she lived, the secret was hermetically sealed and confined to her own breast. But this is far from being the sole merit of the author, who has extended his research beyond the immediate object in hand, and has given us pleasant glimpses of the state of society in Ireland as it existed in the latter years of the last century, while following out the somewhat eccentric movements of Lady Morgan's father, the stage-struck M'Owen, land-steward from Mayo, who Anglicised his name to Owenson at the instance of David Garrick, and whom his relative Oliver Goldsmith introduced to the club in Gerrard Street, immortalised as the social rallying point of the great spirits of that day. "In this luxurious, intellectual den, Owenson for many an evening enjoyed Johnson's growl, Boswell's chuckle, Goldsmith's transparent vanities, and Burke's pun, roared through the speaking trumpet of Sir Joshua Reynolds." An old predilection for Rowe, the dramatist, induced Owenson to attempt at Covent Garden the somewhat ambitious part of "Tamerlane," but the audience seem to have had little sympathy for bombastic heroes performed by a young Irishman, who possessed more mellifluous brogue than histrionic brilliancy. Owenson, pool-pooled and hissed, withdrew from London; but in the provinces he learned to know where his talents lay, and ultimately became the best representative of Irish character of the day, and kept his place until Jack Johnstone appeared to divide the laurel with him. Sir Jonah Barrington and O'Keefe, the dramatist, both of whom knew Owenson well, give him the highest character for professional ability; and his sentimental flirtation with the afterwards celebrated Mrs. Billington, proves that his insinuating graces were exercised behind the footlights as well as before them. When "starring it" at Shrewsbury, he made a matrimonial proposal for the daughter of a country gentleman named Hill, but although the lady had no objection to her admirer, her parents, regarding the phrase "strolling player" as one of stinging reproach, indignantly resisted his suit. With a face of tragic resignation, the player withdrew from Mr. Hill's house, "positively the last appearance but one of Mr. Owenson." The attachment had died out—as Mr. Hill thought—when Miss Jane—bathed in the silver light of an autumnal moon—suddenly appeared, one night, at her casement, and descended into two colossal arms below. The pair fled to Lichfield in search of happiness and a parson, and the ceremony had concluded ere old Mr. Hill, teeming with perspiration, arrived to forbid the banns. The first fruit of the alliance was the birth, in 1755, of Sydney Owenson; and long before she left the nursery, we find the tiny child making verses of a singularly precocious character. Lysaght, an Irish barrister, stood sponsor for her, and in

the fullness of his pride at the child's development of genius, threw off some merry memorial rhymes not unworthy of Béranger:—

"The muses met me once not very sober,  
But full of frolic at your merry christening!  
And now, this twenty-third day of October,  
As they foretold to your sweet lays I'm listening.

"They called you 'Infant Muse,' and said your lyre  
Should one day wake your nation's latent fire;  
They ordered Genius, garlands to entwine  
For Sydney:—me, Faith, they piled with wine."

Lysaght, it would appear, was more remarkable for his witty and convivial propensities than for his knowledge of Blackstone. He attempted to practise at the English bar, but after a short experience, declared that he had not law enough for the King's Bench, and was not dull enough for the Court of Chancery, and that before he could succeed at the Old Bailey, he must shoot Garrow, which would be extremely disagreeable to him.

That Owenson must have been a lover of talent and a kind-hearted man, is proved by his patronage of young Dermody, the Chatterton of Ireland, whose poetical powers were promising, but who marred the bright prospects offered him by an inveterate indolence of habit and love of dissipation, which disgusted his friends, and ultimately brought him to an untimely grave.

What we like best about Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his estimate of Lady Morgan, whether as an individual or as a writer, is that he never pitches his tone too high. He seems perfectly alive to the faults of her compositions, and to the foibles of her character, and without going out of his way to defend either, he does his best to account for the causes which led to both. She has herself admitted, over and over again, that although she lisped in numbers, it was stern necessity that converted her into an authoress, writing for pay. She commenced early, and unfortunately for her permanent reputation, as we think, she found a publisher too easily. The singular part of the business is, that her early novels, which few readers of the present day could have the patience to wade through, found a ready acceptance amongst the great and the gifted who flourished when they were written, and that the purchase-money of one of the very worst of them—the "Missionary"—was stipulated for and procured from the publisher, Stockdale, by no less a personage than Lord Castlereagh himself, who met her at Stanmore Priory, where the greater part of the story was written, forgave the ultra-liberality of her politics for the sake of the pleasures of her society, and repaid her denunciations of his own meanness by replenishing her purse to the extent of £400, which Stockdale disbursed for the copyright. Long before this, however, Miss Owenson had won her way into the most aristocratic circles, although of a different caste and colour from those to which Lord Castlereagh belonged. Mr. Fitzpatrick's narrative of Robert Owenson's rollicking, shifty, and adventurous life from play-house to play-house—his vicissitudes and eventual ruin—the early struggles of his child—and the once happy home of both chilled by death and poverty—is honestly and unreservedly told, and possesses a painful interest. That Miss Owenson appeared for some time upon the stage, there can be little doubt: in 1798 we find her patronised by Fontaine, a dancing master, and shortly afterwards engaged as governess in the family of Mr. Fetherston of Bracken Castle. Mr. Fitzpatrick prints a letter from one of her pupils at this period, which contains some interesting reminiscences of her daily habits, and *cacoethes scribendi*. Passing from this gloomy epoch in Miss Owenson's life to her

\**Lady Morgan: her Career, Literary and Personal.* By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P., author of "The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry." "Notes on the Cornwallis Papers," &c. (London: C. J. Skeet.)

literary career, we may remark that her first volume of poems, printed in the year 1801, was inscribed to the Countess of Moira, whose friendship and patronage were invaluable to the young authoress; but although she published "The Heiress of Desmond," and "The Novice of St. Dominic," previous to the appearance of "The Wild Irish Girl," it was only then that her fame as a novelist was established. The work ran through seven editions in less than two years, although those who turn to its pages now are inclined, perchance, to marvel at the peculiarity of taste which led to so prosperous a consummation. It must be acknowledged, however, that the field chosen was a fresh and a novel one, and that the subject was handled with considerable artistic skill. The style, no doubt, may be pompous and exaggerated, the incidents improbable though romantic, the learning intrusive, and the sentiments high-flown and overdone. But these were more venial faults in that day than they would be in this; and, at all events, they were overridden and more than atoned for by the portraiture of the spirited Glorvina, and by the hearty and dashing national tone which was just then becoming fashionable, and which ran through every page of the book. Ireland was then looked upon as the peculiar possession of the high ascendancy party; and, although various efforts were made from time to time to break it up or conquer it, still it kept its hold, whatever Government might be in office, and preserved its influence by the same spirit of unity and mysterious affiliation which renders Irish Conservatism powerful while we write. With a dashing disregard of consequences, the young novelist threw herself into the Liberal ranks, and was content to bear the pelting of the pitiless (press) storm which greeted her appearance, since she felt that she was sure of the sympathy and support of those who agreed with her in sentiment, and who had the power to popularise her labours and protect herself. The abuse lavished on her was too indiscriminate to be just, and her critics enlisted the humanity rather than the distaste of their readers by attacking, not her book, but her person. With the popular feeling of her countrymen high in her favour, and supported, moreover, by the countenance and friendship of the ablest of her contemporaries, so far from quailing beneath the storm she had raised, she delighted in raising it to a hurricane. She wrote herself down, indeed, as a persecuted woman; but it is easy to see that she enjoyed the persecution amazingly, and whenever it flagged, had always some gentle stimulant at hand to raise it to storm-pitch again.

The great success of the "Wild Irish Girl" showed her where her strength lay, and naturally induced her to try a second venture on the same ground. She went prudently to work, however, and during the composition of "O'Donnell," appears to have sought diligently for materials for its construction. In general style it is certainly an improvement on its predecessor; and, although her Irishmen are somewhat "dramatic" and overdone, still in the spirit of her chiefs and the whim and rollicking drollery of her kernes, she is tolerably true to nature. However, in conception of character and finish of details, she is unquestionably inferior to her great contemporary, Maria Edgeworth, who never allows her portraiture to degenerate into extravagance, and who is still, to our minds, to be looked upon as the most correct delineator of Irish national character that has yet appeared. There is another class, however, whose foibles and weaknesses Lady Morgan has touched with a very artistic hand. Her fashionable ladies and gentlemen in

"O'Donnell," as well as "Florence McCarthy," are marvellously well done; and, although she disclaims all attempts at individuality, her "models" must have been most carefully selected, and are worked up with great dramatic skill.

Of Sydney Owenson's marriage with Surgeon Morgan, and how she came to be Miladi, we learn:—

"The popular Duke of Richmond invited the authoress and Mr. Morgan to one of the private balls at the Viceregal Court. His Excellency, in the course of a lounging conversation with Miss Owenson, playfully alluded to the matrimonial report which had begun to be bruited about, and expressed a hope to have the pleasure, at no distant day, of congratulating her on her marriage. 'The rumour respecting Mr. Morgan's *dévoûment*,' she replied, 'may or may not be true; but this I can at least, with all candour and sincerity, assure your grace, that I shall remain to the last day of my life in single blessedness, unless some more tempting inducement than the mere change from Miss Owenson to *Mistress Morgan* be offered me.' The hint was taken, and Charles, Duke of Richmond, in virtue of the powers of his office, knighted Surgeon Morgan upon the spot."

The marriage took place, January 20th, 1812. In connection with it Mr. Fitzpatrick relates an interesting, though painful incident, which Sir J. Emerson Tennent, author of the popular work on Ceylon, communicated to him. Writing to Mr. Fitzpatrick, Sir Emerson says:—

"One great tie between her and my family was the affection with which she regarded a mutual friend, many years dead, the late Major Crossley of Glenburn, near Belfast. And on the occasion I am now alluding to, Lady Morgan, during dinner, told me for the first time the story of their early intimacy. Major Crossley's family lived at Lisburn, where she became acquainted with him, when her father was on one of his professional tours in the north of Ireland. She was then very young, and Crossley, who was younger still, became so attached to her as to offer marriage. She told me she would have accepted him at once, but that neither of them could boast of possessing a single shilling, and the result was a prospective engagement, to be realised only so soon as means were apparent for their future subsistence. To devise this, she suggested as a career, that an application should be made to the Marquis of Hertford for a cadetship in the Indian army, and as Crossley's family had some local claims, their request was successful, and he was speedily appointed to a regiment in the Presidency of Madras. The correspondence continued for some years; though so interrupted that a considerable suspension took place, during which the lady's position and prospects had been uniformly rising, and her marriage was at length solemnised with Sir Charles Morgan, the ceremony having taken place at Baron's Court, the residence of Lord Abercorn, in the County of Tyrone. On the morning of the wedding, the post arrived before the procession to the church, and the sister of the bride took charge of her letters for Miss Owenson. These she opened on her return to the house; and amongst them was one from Crossley, accounting for his long silence by the anxieties of a period of uncertainty, which had now ended by his receiving some promotion in the army, and a staff appointment in the service of the Nizam. This was the long-looked for point in his career, and having at last attained independence, he wrote to claim the performance of their early engagement, and propose an immediate union. The old lady told me this little novel—her animation heightened, at once by the romance and the reality of the story, and its recollection is enhanced to me by this having been one of the liveliest, as it was the last, interview I ever had with Lady Morgan."

In 1839 Lady Morgan changed her home from Kildare Street, Dublin, to William Street, Hyde Park, London, and at once became reproached with being herself a member of the class of absentees, which her works had so repeatedly denounced; but Lady Morgan

replied dryly that the only territorial possession she ever had in Ireland was the tenant-farm of a drawing-room balcony, worked for raising annual crops of mignonette. Mr. Fitzpatrick follows the authoress to London, and introduces us to that pleasant little boudoir of which so many wits, scholars, *savans*, and even statesmen, still retain a grateful recollection. Indeed, the Voltaires and La Rochefoucaults would almost as soon have thought of deserting the *ruelle* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, as Lady Morgan's distinguished friends of absenting themselves from her sparkling and memorable *réunions*. Of Lady Morgan's guests, Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us many memorials, some of them exceedingly characteristic and racy. Until prostrated by the decline of his mental and bodily strength, Horace Smith continued to be a frequent visitor to the gifted lady's *conversations*. It is interesting to trace in the following lines—now first published—the resurrectional flashes of that genius which fifty years ago surprised the British public in the "Rejected Addresses."

"TO LADY MORGAN.

"O dear Lady Morgan, this pain in the organ  
Of sound, that the doctors call *Larynx*,  
Is a terrible bank to my walk and my talk,  
While my pen its extremity ne'er links.

"All this I don't mind, but one pang lurks behind,  
Nay, it sticks in my gizzard and kidney;  
Tho' I know it's not sage, I'm transported with rage,  
'Cause I can't be transported to *Sydney*!

"When my daughters come back from your dwelling, alas!  
What lots of facetiae they can tell us!  
While I, within clutch of a feast I can't touch,  
Am condemned to the tortures of Tantalus.

"When last you came here, you had illness severe,  
Now I must call in the physician;  
We would meet, but the more we're disposed (what a bore!)  
The greater's our indisposition.

"O Morgan and Fate! do not bother my pate  
With this *Fata Morgana* probations,  
If ye can't make we well, rob Sir Charles of his spell,  
And his spouse of her rare fascinations.

"HORATIO SMITH.  
"(Egrotus)."

There are many similar *jeux d'esprit* in the book, which, had we space, we should gladly quote for the reader's delectation. The specimens of Lady Morgan's table talk, which Mr. Fitzpatrick has gathered, are very good in their way, and exhibit not a little of the tact which through life had been a speciality with her:—

"If a friend complimented her on her looking so much better, she would reply, 'Perhaps I am better rouged than usual.' A lady who was wont to indulge in insincere smiles of benignity, once said, 'Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is—how do you preserve its colour?'—'By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the recipe.' Lady Morgan disliked to be cross-questioned about her writings, and recoiled from the topic as 'shoppy.' A certain pompous lady of the pen, who frequently questioned Lady Morgan as to what she was doing, and where she got her 'facts,' asked one evening, when Miladi was very brilliant and entertaining, her authority for some fact in 'Italy.' Twisting her large green fan, and flashing upon the querist the full blaze of her lustrous eyes, she replied, 'We all imagine our facts, you know—and then happily forget them; it is to be hoped our readers do the same.'"

We conclude as we began, by saying that Mr. Fitzpatrick has given us a very pleasant and well-written book, wonderfully accurate in its details, and neatly balanced between history and memoir, with a happy sprinkling of well-told anecdotes to relieve the dryness of both. He is one of those biographers who delight in difficulties, and seems always discontented until he can hunt the loose assertions of others into a corner, and reduce them to positive facts. Regarding him as an author, who has chosen his subdivision of literary labour, and has all the requisites to enable him to take a foremost stand amongst those who cultivate the portion he has selected, we have an ardent hope that he will not desist from



his exertions, and that we may hereafter meet him on a broader and more comprehensive field, where his talents and industry will have full play, with the certainty of adequate reward.

### THE ST. GEORGE'S RIOTS.\*

THE Sunday amusements of the East London mob are beginning to be presented to us in a new aspect. Having passed from the atmosphere of the police-courts to that of Parliament, they have now begun to create a literature of their own. Every week the highly-eruptive volcano of Whitechapel throws up two or three pamphlets, and from these we now select one for review. We have chosen it—first, as containing a succinct account of these disturbances, and secondly, as the work of one of the “best abused” persons of the day, who has indubitably a right to be heard in his own defence. It is fair to add that the style and tone of the letter give it every claim to attentive consideration.

It is happily not requisite for us to recapitulate the details of outrage. Week after week, right-thinking people have been sickened to read of the furious excesses of the rabble—of clergymen hounded through the streets, or pelted in the pulpit—of services drowned by the howling of intoxicated dogs and other more responsible brutes—of a mob triumphant and unimpeded making the church re-echo with their fearful curses, and the yet more hideous profanity of their doxologies. These, and the thousand other revolting circumstances which have accompanied them, we shall not now notice. Our intention is briefly to pass in review the conduct of the chief actors in these unfortunate transactions.

First for Mr. Bryan King. It is brutal to kick a man who is down—more especially when he is down under the feet of a savage rabble—so we feel a certain difficulty in speaking of him as we are fairly bound to do. But if ever the wrong man was in the wrong place, he is. Though doubtless sincere and earnest, he might have learnt from most clever children more than he seems to have ever guessed respecting the right way in which to deal with his difficult parish. Ritualism, to an extent which Belgravia had never attained, bloomed forth for the evangelisation of the “down Easers.” It has failed—and ninety-nine clergymen out of any hundred of Mr. King’s own party could have vaticinated such a failure beforehand. England has many instances of High as well as Low Churchmen doing noble and successful work among the masses; but in no one of them has that success been obtained by the premature introduction of an unappreciated ceremonial. The fact is, that the sternly practical character of the national mind renders it jealously sensitive with regard to all changes that seem to savour of formalism, of ostentation, or (as in the case of vestments) of personal vanity. Justice, however, bids us to remember that deplorable as was Mr. King’s error, it was, after all, an error of judgment, and that few errors have been more cruelly expiated, or (as the readers of this letter will see) more fully or frankly acknowledged.

But if poor Mr. King intoning the Litany in a green stole does not represent the very acme of judicious discretion, a picture infinitely more discreditable to the Church of England

is put before us by Mr. Hugh Allen swaggering into a pulpit, which, as the Court of Queen’s Bench subsequently decided, he had no right whatever at that time to occupy, and brandishing on high the Bishop’s license amid the irreverent cheers of his unrebuked supporters. It is much to be regretted that, as occurred in the debate on Lord Dungannon’s motion, strictures on Mr. Allen’s general character should have been very frequently mixed up with the immediate questions in hand. However pertinent such an inquiry may have been to Mr. King’s original protest against his election as lecturer, it is now simply irrelevant. We are only concerned with the way in which he has acted during the riots, and we cannot help observing that far more convincing than that “testimonial from those benefited clergymen” which the Bishop of London seems to think irrefragable evidence of the cardinal virtues, would have been one single circumstance to show that he had in the slightest degree striven to repress or even to discountenance these disturbances. We remember, indeed, hearing of one of his sermons concluding with a whining appeal to his auditors to leave the church quietly, “for the sake of that blessed man, the Bishop of London.” Had a Cecil or a Daniel Wilson—or many a living ornament of the Evangelical party—been in Mr. Allen’s place, we rather fancy they would have exhorted their congregation to abstain from a great sin for the sake of One yet more blessed than Bishop Tait, and would have spoken some burning words to enforce that reverence to God’s house on which all theological sections are agreed. But throughout the whole wretched business there is no feature more melancholy than this—that it never seems to have entered Mr. Allen’s mind that, circumstanced as he was, the first duty of a Christian gentleman was, by manly protests and energetic action, to dissociate himself from the miserable ruffians with whom his name was a rallying-cry and his cause a pretext.

Of the parochial authorities we need say little. The facts brought forward in this letter sufficiently show how remarkably partial have been the exertions of the belauded Churchwarden Thompson, whose principal notion of keeping order seems to have been to expel the rector’s supporters, and let the rioters have their innings undisturbed—

“Quid immeritis hospites vexas, canis,  
Ignarus adversum lupos?”

His fellow-vestrymen may, we suppose, be taken as rather superior specimens of the sensitive Protestantism of the East-end, and it must not be forgotten that their debates have been varied by such amenities as styling the rector “an obstinate devil,” and that on one occasion, when a statute of William and Mary was cited at the police-court, several of their number greeted with frantic yellings what they supposed to be an allusion to the days of Popish tyranny.

But whatever excuses may be made for an ignorant Whitechapel publican, will hardly apply to the eccentricities of Sir G. C. Lewis. In the very crisis of the riots—when the devilry of the rabble had reached its most appalling pitch—the Home Secretary could find no more fitting work than that of protesting against the term “outrage” being applied to their conduct: indeed it was only the urgent remonstrance of a large body of clergy and laity of all parties—headed by such men as Mr. Maurice and Dean Trench—that induced him to refrain from altogether withdrawing the police, and delivering church and clergy over to the tender mercies of the mob. The correspondence between Mr. King and the Home

Office, appended to this letter, shows how the former has appealed, and appealed in vain, to have his church protected from such acts of desecration as we shrink from specifying here. Now all this connivance of a Cabinet Minister at the acts of a mob, bad as it is in itself, may be the stepping-stone to something still more alarming. When the Gordon riots began, Lord Mansfield spoke of them as “a slight irregularity;” before many hours were over, Lord Mansfield was flying from the rioters by the light of his own blazing house. Sir G. C. Lewis is understood to be fond of classical precedents. We would suggest that Claudius Lysias probably differed from St. Paul at least as widely as the Home Secretary from the Rector of St. George’s; yet he did not think it necessary to “go on refining” about outrages, and leave the rabble to dissect the Apostle. But then Claudius Lysias was a benighted heathen, and had no ulterior views on the six-pounders of Jerusalem.

The same timorous weakness has disgraced all the authorities: Sir Richard Mayne supplies homilies in lieu of policemen; Mr. Yardley suggests apologies when he ought to impose convictions. In fact, had Messrs. Sayers and Heenan announced that their encounter would take place at St. George’s immediately after the Second Lesson, there is very little doubt that it would have escaped all interruption, and concluded with an enthusiastic doxology.

There is yet one other person to whose conduct we must advert, though we do so with some regret. Has the Bishop of London acted in this matter in a way altogether worthy of himself? We fear not. Undertaking the office of mediator, he was at least bound to see that Mr. King obtained his *quid pro quo*, in a cessation of violence on the part of the rabble and an increase of vigilance on that of the authorities. Such a course, however, he did not see fit to take, and by his censures on Mr. King, and his petty acts of discourtesy—e. g., the removal of the hangings and choir-stalls—has positively encouraged the mob in their work. Bishop Tait seems to have fallen into the same mistake with other ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, in assuming the mob to be entirely in the right, and in assigning that infallibility which the Church of England denies to a general council, to the theologians of Whitechapel, and the delicate damself of Ratcliff Highway.

Into the theological aspects of the question, it is not the province of this journal to enter. We have contemplated it simply from the point of view which most educated and decent people must occupy. How, we ask in conclusion, and when, are these Saturnalia of infidelity to end? The matter is no longer, if it ever were, one of religious feeling. The spirit which weekly desecrates St. George’s is simply the old spirit of Clootz and Robespierre, the spirit which dressed up ruffians in sceptre and cope, and enthroned a prostitute on the altar of Notre Dame. But it is rather a perilous spirit to evoke, and perhaps those who have failed to repress it now, may in their turn, and to their own cost, find it a very troublesome one to lay.

### SCOTLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.\*

VARIOUS works of interest have recently appeared, illustrating what forms a subject of suggestive thought, not only to the antiquarian or man of letters, but also to the ethnologist and constitutional lawyer—namely, the distinctive national peculiarities of Scotland com-

\* *Sacrilege and its Encouragement, being an Account of the St. George’s Riots, and of their Successes, in a Letter of Remonstrance to the Lord Bishop of London.* By Bryan King, M.A., Rector of St. George’s in the East, and formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. (London: Joseph Masters, 1860.)

\* *Sketches of Early Scotch History and Progress.* By Cosmo Innes. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

pared with those of England. Of lively interest, as illustrating, by homely anecdote and dialectic peculiarity of speech and thought, Scottish manners of the last century, is a little work, which has within a few months reached a sixth edition—that of Dean Ramsay. Good service was done lately by Mr. Patterson, who published a work laying down clearly and instructively the distinctive features of English and Scottish law, whether the differences be of principle or of mere detail and legal phraseology. We have before us "Sketches," as they are unpretentiously denominated, being lectures read to a class of students of history in the University of Edinburgh, in which Mr. C. Innes is a distinguished professor, as well as enjoying high fame for legal and antiquarian lore.

Some of the remarks in his preface are noteworthy, as laying down distinctly the true method in which history should be studied. No compendious abstract, no translation or abridgment, nothing but access at once to the fountainhead, is recommended by the worthy Professor. But books are not all. Look to the real evidence, as the lawyers call it. A people are to be judged, when existing, by their institutions and laws—by the cultivation of their soil—by their literature—by their achievements in science and art—by what they have done for civilisation and the happiness of the world. When such can be seen, instruction is derived by tracing them up through history to their source. When a people like the ancient Romans have disappeared, we can only go for a living picture to the ruins of Rome, or Herculaneum, or Pompeii.

Of the ten chapters of which the book is composed, the first two are introductory of the subject—tracing up the great stream of modern civilisation before the little tributary branch flowing through the Scottish valleys is reached. Those familiar with the text-book of M. Guizot on the "Civilisation of Europe," will anticipate the ideas with which our author introduces his subject. Modern political society is viewed as commencing with the era of Charlemagne—the virtue and energy of the Gothic race, civilised through Christianity, replacing the decaying and corrupted influence of the Roman system. Yet the laws and constitution of Rome, surviving most distinctly in the various municipal or burgh towns of Europe, supplied an organisation of which civilisation could avail itself, though they failed, when cut off from Rome, to furnish such a bond of patriotic union as of itself could join society. Our author, like Guizot, does not undervalue the aid of the church, in those early ages, to modern civilisation. He quotes the words of the French statesman, a Protestant and true philosopher: "Humanly speaking, it was the Christian church that saved Christianity," and, we may add, which saved society from relapsing into its original elements of barbarism. We may observe in the living picture Mr. Innes gives us, the dress, personal appearance, and court of Charlemagne; and in an appendix to the volume is printed a capitular, as it is called—a charter of Regulations *De Villis Imperialibus*, of the year 812, printed from Peitz (*Monumenta Germanie historica*)—which amply illustrates the wisdom and systematic order of that great ruler, in matters which often were thought beneath the attention of mighty conquerors.

The second chapter leads us more directly to the special subject of these "Sketches," through the stream of early English civilisation. The remains of the Romans as influencing British institutions are alluded to; and the character of the Normans, both as the ancient free and

gallant Vikings of the north, and then the more peaceful and polished possessors of a province of France; the character of the Danes and Saxons—the four composite elements of the English nation—are briefly though clearly presented to our notice. Britain, of course, originally was Christianised through Rome; but when, after the storm of Saxon Paganism had overspread the land, Augustine was again sent over from Rome to convert our forefathers, he failed to win the bishops of the ancient British Church, who still kept alive the flickering flame of Christianity, to complete subjection to the monopolising church of St. Peter. Before the Norman Conquest of England, Anglo-Saxon and Scottish influences had exerted on each other reciprocating effects. As early as the beginning of the eighth century, Edwin King of Northumbria had given his name to the modern Scottish capital.

In introducing the proper subject of his work in the third chapter, our author properly considers that much apology is not required for claiming attention for that part of European policy developed in his country. "It is not the mere size, or power, or population of a nation, which gives it a prominent place in the history of mankind. Though Scotland has failed to create and perfect art, there is much in the immortal thoughts preserved in its language and the principles and feelings developed in its history, which cause it to be regarded with sympathy over the civilised world, even as great as what falls to many countries of the greatest political importance." Whether we think, with the author of the essays on "Ultimate Civilisation," that the distinctive peculiarities of the three nations which now compose these islands are not likely soon to coalesce, but that they will continue to act and re-act beneficially on each other, or whether we think, with many politicians and constitutional theorists, that the increased facilities of intercourse and the present centralising tendencies will merge the somewhat provincial feeling of Scotland and of Ireland into the English system, there is much that is interesting to be learnt in considering the subject, even within the comparatively narrow limits of these pages. The earliest charters of the Scottish kings commence, so far as historic record in writing goes, about the year 1100. The oldest collection of laws, about the middle of the thirteenth century, exhibits a strange intermixture of the laws of the two kingdoms, England and Scotland. Looking at Scotland, then, about the year 1100, we find the dominions of the Scottish king consisting of several states, recently amalgamated. One hundred and fifty years before, Malcolm I. of Scotland had obtained recognition of his rights to the kingdom of Cambria, part of which was the modern Cumberland, a circumstance which as the reader of history is aware gave rise to the bloody wars and disputes that culminated in the time of the first Edwards and Robert the Bruce. Macbeth reigned about 1040, a time, contrary to the general popular opinion, of justice and prosperity, apart, of course, from the means by which he obtained the throne. After this subsisted a strong and enduring connection with England, though in the midst of unsettled times and bloody wars. (The queen of Henry I. of England was "*Mold the god quen who gaf him consile to luf his folc*," the daughter of Malcolm and Margaret of Scotland, who represented the line of the ancient Saxon monarchs.)

Before we come to consider the reign of David I., the founder of the law as well as of the church of Scotland, one of the great builders of the fabric of civilisation, put by our

author on a par in this view with Alfred and Charlemagne, an interesting subject offers itself in the ancient church of Scotland. What ecclesiastical scholar at least has not heard of St. Columba and St. Ninian? the former the dweller in the monastery of Iona, and converter of the modern Picts; the latter, who from Rome introduced Christianity among the southern Picts, at the see of Whithorn (in Latin *Candida Casa*), called so from the church he there built of stone, marking thereby a stage of progress in the practice of the ancient Britons. Successors of St. Columba taught the faith in Northumberland. Lindisfarne, where Eolan and his brethren taught, was the Iona of the eastern coast. At this time the distinction had not arisen between the secular clergy and the regular monastic orders. The former, in Scotland, in no ways subjected to the power of the Pope of Rome, was, as is supposed, the ancient Culdees. Lines of the poet Campbell, we think, give us an allusion to them:—

"The pure Culdees were ancient priests of God,  
Ere yet the soil by foot of Saxon monk was trod."

We are not sure that Mr. Innes has done justice to the memory of these early Fathers, though, of course, from the obscurity in which they are wrapped, we cannot object to the Roman Catholic view being taken with regard to them. They did not observe the rules of celibacy, and have been claimed as Protestants.

The most elaborate account in these "Sketches" is that given of the policy of King David, abused by many as superstitious, from his large endowment of the church, "A sore saint for the crown," but eulogised by our author as the "Scottish Justinian," in three chief aspects—as founder of the church, of the burgh towns, and generally the introducer of English and civilised manners. He reigned from 1124 to 1153. In his reign, and previously, many Normans and Saxons from the south had established themselves and become a large part of the nobility and landed proprietors of Scotland, a circumstance which greatly influenced the Scottish wars of independence. One hundred and fifty years later, David possessed Northumberland, till he lost his English territories at the Battle of the Standard, in 1138. He suppressed, as far as possible, the Culdees, endowing vulgar monastic orders largely instead. Our author says that much of the lands given to them was not really the property of the crown, and that we can hardly tell whether it was cultivated. He defends the policy as necessary to introduce agricultural improvement; and, what is of more moment in a social point of view, as what led through the agency of the church, in which the burghs also co-operated, to enfranchisement of the serfs. He introduced great officers of the crown, a chancellor and justiciary. Great progress took place in feudal and hereditary institutions: we shall notice the tenure of land in speaking of the constitutional history. The king's household was regulated in this and subsequent reigns; a payment shortly after for a gardener marks a step in advance, though, on the other hand, the articles of diet, even down to the reign of the Jameses, do not show much, according to modern ideas. French wines, of course, show refinement; but what shall we say, among other strange food, as to the rations of *seal*, *dimidium phoce*? A chapter is devoted to noticing the vestiges of ancient law, as beginning to be settled between David's reign and the era of the Bruces. They did not greatly differ from Anglo-Saxon institutions. There was much the same system as to criminal law: ordeals and compurgators, and the *estimatio*



*capitis*, according to rank, in case of slaughter. The Celtic law of succession prevailed, according to what in Ireland is called the law of Tanistry, depending on descent from a common ancestor. The brother of a deceased chief was selected to manage in the case of an infant son, and during the life of the chief was recognised as his successor or Tanist. We cannot enter on the legal differences involved in the dispute for the crown between Balliol and Bruce about 1290; but much turned on the point, whether the king's brother or the king's son stood really nearest to the common stock.

Chapter VI., on the laws, which we have briefly noticed, stands between the two chapters on burghs, and on the ancient constitution; but we prefer considering the one directly introductory of the other, though the burghs never assumed the influence in Scotland which they did in England, in asserting liberty and checking the encroachments of the crown or of the nobles. In all countries—Spain, Germany, and in France even, for a time—the remains of the old Roman *municipia* cherished freedom. In Scotland a germ of union existed, though never sufficiently developed, which does not occur elsewhere, and which even remains to this day. There early arose an annual Convention of Burghs, which still meets to discuss matters of political interest, and the rudiments of this were distinct before the year 1300. William the Lion, the successor of David, granted several charters; and the principal points at that early stage to be noted, were that independent corporations were established to manage their own affairs; and also, as regards personal freedom, that any one living in them for a time could assert it against a territorial lord. Several of the Scottish towns had what resembled the Hanseatic League of Germany.

The constitution of the Scottish Parliament is one, from its similarity as well as diversity, of great interest to the English constitutional lawyer. In the continental states, the king rendered himself despotic, overthrowing, as in Spain, opposition, or, as in France, making Parliaments the mere registrars of his decrees. The rise of the middle class and early power given to it over the national purse, saved the English constitutional liberty, aided by what did not take place in Scotland—the early separation of the two Houses. Would Scottish liberty, apart from English connection, have survived the defects caused by all the estates voting together in Parliament, and the institution of the "lords of the articles," which the kings converted into an irresponsible committee for checking discussions? The speculation is an interesting one. Mere reasoners on constitutional principles will generally say "No;" those who say "Yes," will have to do so chiefly on the ground that the maintenance of Protestantism and the enlightened principles of inquiry prevailing at the Reformation, would have counteracted defects owing to which other nations lost their liberties.

We can merely note two or three principles of the Scottish Parliament. The name was first used in 1292, twenty years after it was in England. We have evidence from 1314 that the representatives of burghs formed part of the estates, which all sat together. In a famous Parliament of Bruce, in 1326, supplies were granted by the earls, barons, burgesses, and free tenants. The tenure of land was, according to the feudal theory, derived from the crown, without the many incidents and changes introduced in English jurisprudence. Every estate was held by an immediate vassal of the crown, and of them was originally formed the king's court, the germ of Parliament. It was long before representation of these was introduced. We cannot

stop to show how the judicial power was organised and developed. We have mentioned the "lords of the articles,"—a peculiar feature of the Scottish constitution. A small body was chosen from the clergy, the nobility, officers of state, small barons, and commissioners of burghs, to deliberate and decide on what matters should be brought before Parliament. The king, of course, could easily get a majority, and prevent any subject that he disliked from being discussed. So inimical was this plan to free discussion, that, at the accession of William and Mary, it was unhesitatingly abolished.

The next most important subject of consideration, to which a chapter is devoted, is the ancient language and literature of Scotland. Before the Norman Conquest, the speech of Northumbria differed greatly from that of southern and western England, and in the transition of English speech from grammatical Saxon into rude unformed English, the north kept a peculiar and distinct dialect. This Doric, as it may be called, extended to the Lothians; and when Northumberland became part of England, of course London was the model of speech from Land's End to the Tweed. Lothian and Saxon Scotland established what is known as "Scotch." Notwithstanding our author constantly uses "Scotch," we prefer to write "Scottish" for the adjective. Those who admit it at all, except in the questionable phrase of "the Scotch" as a people, for which we would rather use "the Scots," should peruse strictures on this grammatical error, written, we think, by Professor Aytoun. To pass, however, from this verbal criticism of Mr. Innes's style, we see that the Scots used a genuine form of Teutonic speech. Barbour, contemporary with Chaucer, is to be characterised as writing in purer English of the time than that of the "Canterbury Tales." His famous poem of "The Bruce," is well known. As we cannot enumerate other writers, we quote a short specimen from his famed panegyric on Freedom, in the original words:—

"A! freedom is a noble thing!  
Freedom mayas\* man to halfit liking;  
Freedom all solace to man gifis;†  
He levys‡ at eas,§ that frely levys!"

The two remaining chapters, the eighth and the tenth, are on early dress, manners, and commerce, and on architecture. The connection between France, and at an early period with Holland, is shown by extracts from a merchant's ledger from 1493 to 1503. Haliburton was a merchant on commission for exports and imports, between Scotland and the Flemish ports chiefly. No great trade is shown, and it is a melancholy reflection that the opulence of Scotland in the time of the last Alexander, about 1300, and in the vigorous reign of Robert Bruce, greatly declined afterwards, and did not recover itself during the course of a subsequent century and a half.

The stages of Scottish architecture are interesting to the antiquarian. Our author commences with the subterraneous dwellings which the early inhabitants disputed with wolves and bears. Then we have the strange, round, bell-shaped, circular buildings, known to those who study such subjects as the "Picts' Houses" of the north and west. There is much of detail as to them, though little satisfactory is clearly known, as well as of the castellated buildings of the magnates in after periods, into which we cannot follow our author. He laments that the temporary nature of the buildings of the peasants, does not till a very late period afford means of tracking the gradual progress in their social condition. In taking leave of these

\* Makes. † Have. ‡ Gives, Anglo-Saxon, *gifan*.  
§ Ease.

"Sketches" of the early stages of the inhabitants of an integral part of Britain, who claim it as the land

"Whose fountains sing of liberty  
As they dance down the dells,"

we thank the writer for interesting pictures, and agree with his concluding remarks, that the changes he has indicated prove, with regard to the lower classes, that there has been, as to them, no retrogression, but an advance equal to that of higher ranks in society.

#### HOW WE SPENT THE AUTUMN.\*

THIS is not a book for unreserved commendation. It is the production of two unmarried ladies—young we conclude, inexperienced we are sure—who may have wandered over Brittany to their mutual pleasure and profit, but have failed in conferring the like advantages on their readers. In spite of the many volumes of travel which are dedicated to Brittany, it would have been quite possible to have added another, for the land is replete with legendary lore and historic interest. We do not believe that any country can be so rifled of its treasures, as to leave nothing to be appropriated by a fresh comer, provided there is no lack of the requisite ability. But the traveller who wanders over well-trodden scenes, and is anxious to convey his impressions to the world, should be quite sure that his power of vision has detected some points which have escaped previous notice—or that he possesses the rare gift of giving fresh grace and significance to an old and used-up story.

We believe the ladies Madeline and Rosalind Wallace-Dunlop, when they affirm in the preface that their little book has "at least the merit of truth;" but we fear they will scarcely thank us when we add, that this is almost the only merit we have discovered in its pages; not that "How we spent the Autumn" is altogether lifeless and insipid: the subject precludes such a result, and the evident enthusiasm and enjoyment of the writers prevents it also. Although somewhat chagrined at the annoyances incident to travel—especially at being compelled on several occasions to rise at five or six o'clock in the morning—they appear to have been much amused with their excursions through the country, and strive, after a lady-like fashion, to amuse their readers also.

We should like much to have seen the voyagers starting by the steamer from Southampton to Jersey with an infinite number of boxes, "not to mention Rose the parrot, two piping bullfinches, a cage full of canaries, and a pony." We conclude that this live stock required, like its owners, change of air and scene, but on reaching the island, the travelling menagerie was landed and left. At Dinan "Mamma" became alarmed at the prospect of rough roads and dirty hotels, and therefore pitched her tent there, while her adventurous daughters, chaperoned by their aunt, Lady Leslie, started forth to spend the autumn in a more exciting fashion. We do not recommend any of our readers, who propose making the same tour this year, to place this volume in their trunk as a "Murray" to the neighbourhood, but we do advise them to look at it before starting, as they may gain some items of information which are worth knowing.

We have marked one or two passages for quotation, which may, perhaps, contradict our strictures by leaving a favourable impression of

\* *How we spent the Autumn; or, Wanderings in Brittany* By the Authoresses of "The Timely Retreat." (London: Richard Bentley.)

the volume. If so, it seems hardly generous to destroy the charm by remarking that our judgment of the book is formed from the whole, and not from the interest which may attach to a few isolated paragraphs. Here is the account of a convenient custom which is observed by the girls of Josselin:—

"The peasantry round Josselin retain their old dresses and customs in perfection; the girls, especially, have a habit that would save much trouble were it introduced into more civilised circles. They appear on *fête* days in red under-petticoats, with white or yellow borders round them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs per year. Thus any young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimming of the petticoat, to learn in an instant what amount of rent accompanies it."

This reminds us of Mrs. Gretton's account of the young women in Ancona, who, when they have a lover, listen to his wooing at a prescribed distance, and busy themselves in plaiting their apron into small folds to serve as after-proof of having had an admirer. The fashions of love and courtship are as diversified as those of dress. The Breton girls have one strange mode of adornment, or rather disfigurement, of their persons, which must not pass unnoticed:—

"One cannot wonder that Breton girls are glad to sell their hair, or get rid of it in any way; long locks must be a perfect nuisance to them, when each stray hair has to be so carefully shrouded from sight; they really seem to believe nature made a mistake in giving them such a useless ornament. Most of them think it exceedingly immodest to show an atom of it in public, and fancy that such a display would lower their character for ever in the commune, and ruin their hopes of a good settlement."

The men, on the contrary, take a pride in their locks, and will weep like children when they are shorn on entering the army. Another peculiarity mentioned by the sisters, is the absurd fact that the travelled Bretons speak of every place as England where they have met with Englishmen. One man, a sailor, asserted that he had visited our island, but it turned out on closer inquiry that he had only been to Rio Janeiro; while another of these wanderers laboured under the same delusion from having landed at Corfu. One more gleaming from the volume will probably satisfy our readers. It contains, besides a description of French manners, a curious piece of French gossip:—

"During the late progress of their Imperial Majesties through Bretagne, at no place were they received with such demonstrations of pleasure as at Napoleonville. Nine hundred of the inhabitants went out on horseback to escort the royal visitors; three hundred peasants in *fête* dresses, each with his wife mounted *en croupe* behind him, caracolled round, making their clever little horses perform such antics that the Empress laughed out loud. They presented a pony to the prince, of their own rearing, receiving in return the promise, that when the new church, to which the Emperor contributes 400,000 francs, is consecrated, the prince is to accompany his father to the ceremony, and is to ride on that pony."

"The town has received some immunities from the authorities, which are regarded with envy by the neighbouring communes, who, though sullenly acquiescing in the present order of things, retain deep in their hearts a dogged devotion to the old régime, which nothing can shake. People constantly told us the Empress had gained for her husband many partisans during her tour here, by the magic of her beauty alone. She distributed, wherever she went, numbers of gold crosses, watches, and earrings, to the farmers' wives, accompanied by such pretty speeches, and prettier smiles, that the toughest hearts were melted; and the little prince, if he ever comes to reign over Bretagne, will probably owe as much to his mother's fair face as to his father's astute policy."

"We used to hear on all sides the most marvellous stories of the sayings and doings of the Princess B——, the Emperor's cousin, who has bought a very large tract of land in the neighbourhood, and is cultivating her cousin's interests in Bretagne; and being a strong-minded woman of peculiar habits, has rather astonished the public mind. People assert 'she has nothing of the woman about her but the petticoat'; 'when she wears that,' adds a bystander, 'which is not often.' It appears that the princess is passionately fond of shooting, and when going to the chase she doffs her feminine attire, and with a masculine garb, thinks it necessary to adopt the bad habits of smoking and swearing. She stopped one night to change horses at our hôtel, and rated the man who brought them so soundly, that he was quite subdued the next day. She has the reputation of being clever enough to aid the state councils considerably. She has taken great pains to win over the Chouans and wilder peasantry around her; and they, finding themselves better paid and fed than at any former period of their lives, are willing, whenever sober, to shout as desired, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' but when their hearts are opened by liquor, '*Vive Henri V!*' comes out naturally."

In closing our notice of this volume, we are reminded that after all it is expressly written for the benefit of ladies, so that it is just possible that we may have judged harshly of a production so exclusively feminine. If it be so, we crave pardon; and hand over these Wanderings in Brittany to those who are more capable of appreciating their merits.

#### ANNUAIRE DES DEUX MONDES.\*

THE difficulty of ascertaining the exact nature and significance of facts in history, is sometimes in direct proportion to their nearness to the present time. If we are seized with a sudden desire to refresh our memory upon the subject of Magna Charta, or to dispel any haziness which may have arisen in our ideas as to the exact effect of the "Constitutions of Clarendon," nothing is more easy than to take down at once our Hume or Lingard, or some other such book of reference as always occupies a prominent place upon the shelves of every well regulated library. If, however, we are anxious to ascertain what, for instance, were really the conditions of the last peace of Paris, or to examine the articles of the convention at Villafranca, it is by no means obvious whither we must turn for information and relief. The rough materials for knowledge are, indeed, scattered about in profusion, but the prospect of wading through the long files of a newspaper to disinter the fact, or having suddenly to decide to which, out of innumerable sources, we will have recourse, is not always alluring. If, then, we are disposed to consider this difficulty not altogether an imaginary one, as indeed it is not, we have a right to look upon the inventors and publishers of annual registers, chronicles, and so forth, as in a manner benefactors of mankind, ministering, as it will be agreed they do, to an acknowledged want. But if we accord to them all in their degree, the title of benefactors, more especially must we do so to the editors of the "Annuaire des Deux Mondes." We are not aware that there exists any annual publication which can be compared to it for comprehensiveness of plan or ability in literary execution. We can scarcely expect any readers, however voracious their appetite for printed matter may be, to set about the perusal of some thousand and odd pages on the history of the last year. But we can assure them that, should they feel inclined to do so, their time would be by no means

thrown away. We have called the plan comprehensive, and it is eminently so. The political and domestic history of every state in both hemispheres is given at a length proportioned to their respective importance. Those curious, if any such there be, about the Republic of Paraguay, will find themselves satisfied, equally with that more numerous body whose less cosmopolitan interest confines itself to matters nearer home. By way of historical introduction, a general survey is taken of the cabinets of the leading European States, their relation and attitude towards one another. Here a most plausible—in fact, only too plausible—account is given of the conduct and policy of France during the negotiations which preceded the Italian war. We are at a loss to conceive how a moderation so unexampled, a disinterestedness so pure, a virtue so saintly, could ever have been misunderstood. This, we are bound to say, is the only portion of the work in which we can detect any undue bias; the rest of it is written with a very exemplary impartiality. The writers endeavour, as far as possible, to represent the opinion and judgment of the country on whose history they are for the time engaged, to be the fair mouthpiece of its official and popular voice, to set before us events in the light by which they would there be viewed. The narration is flowing and easy, pursuing the even tenor of its way unbroken by oratorical flights, or any attempt at elaborate composition; and is supported by a mass of documents, some of them embodied in the text and notes, and others printed in a valuable appendix. We may refer to the chapter which comprises a sketch of the history of the last two parliamentary sessions, and of the state of parties in England, as an example of accuracy, and of the just appreciation which the writers have attained of the complicated motives ever acting and re-acting upon the management of internal affairs in a foreign country.

We have no intention of now entering upon the thorny questions of politics; this is not the place to do so. But we shall give two instances, as illustrations of that candid spirit for which we have given these writers credit: the one drawn from the descriptions of the feelings of passionate disappointment which were excited in Italy by the news of the sudden armistice, and the signature of the preliminary agreement at Villafranca, and of the motives by which the Emperor Napoleon was actuated in concluding them; the other, from the account of the way in which the feeble agitation in Savoy for annexation to France was first set in motion, and fanned to a feeble flame. Both examples will be found in the chapters upon Italy, and will throw some additional light upon those doubtful transactions. "This annexation-policy which M. de Cavour pursued with such vigour and boldness, throws a vivid light upon the abrupt and unexpected conclusion of hostilities. The Emperor Napoleon saw clearly that he was being carried farther than he had intended, that if he had dreamed of the liberation of the whole of Italy, it had never entered into his designs to give half of the peninsula to Piedmont, and he did not believe that the precedents of French policy would permit him to constitute a powerful State at the foot of the Alps, in possession at the same time of Venice and Genoa. These and other motives determined the Emperor to accelerate matters, to leave Austria in Italy, not to make for Piedmont, at the same time that he enlarged its frontiers, a position strong enough to give it the power of choosing the alliance of England instead of that of France. Thus the armistice was concluded, thus the preliminaries of Villafranca were signed. Venice was once

\* *Annuaire des Deux Mondes, Histoire Générale des Deux États, 1858-1859.* Paris: Bureau de la Revue des Deux Mondes, Rue Saint-Benoît, 20; Londres: H. Baillière, 219, Regent Street; Barthes et Lowell, 14, Great Marlborough Street.



again the price of a peace between the two great Catholic Powers; but in 1859 it must have suffered far more cruelly in seeing itself sacrificed than in 1797, for if, at the time of Campo Formio, she was the ally of Austria, and enemy of France, in this last campaign she invoked us with all her prayers, and compromised herself by dangerous demonstrations on the faith of that promise 'that Italy should be free to the Adriatic.' Already the news of the armistice had afflicted every Italian heart with a lively disquietude; when the conditions of peace were known, nothing could equal the general stupefaction and grief. Men recalled the solemn promises of the Emperor, tried to reassure themselves by thinking that the definitive treaty could not possibly be in conformity with the preliminaries," &c. And now we will pass for a few moments over to Savoy: "For many years Savoy would seem to have been guided by a party most properly called clerical, whilst the liberals made daily fresh progress in the other parts of the kingdom. This anomaly was no doubt caused by the fact that the Sardinian Government, occupied mainly by its Italian policy, left this province too much to itself. One might almost have believed that it would be the price with which Piedmont would repay France for her powerful co-operation in the deliverance of Italy. Liberal Savoyards groaned at the idea, for they found themselves well off, thanks to the free constitutional regime under which they lived, and the peace of Villafranca only aggravated the situation. It was just at the moment of this peace that a separatist movement broke out which seemed the result of a signal, and a signal, as was said, emanating from Rome, though Rome afterwards repented that she had given it when she saw that she had perhaps aroused a covetousness which might more certainly ensure the loss of the Romagna. All the organs of the clerical party, sometimes in a roundabout way, sometimes openly, agreed to demand annexation to France." The separatist agitation grounded itself upon a feeling of distrust engendered by the reforming propensities of Ratazzi, then Minister of the Interior. On the 25th of July, 1859, fifteen or twenty persons met at the house of a lawyer at Chambéry, and drew up an address to the Emperor Napoleon, in which they proclaimed the nationality of Savoy. No one dared to sign the address, or carry it to the printer's. "One member of the meeting took upon himself to send it to the 'Courrier de Lyons,' with a request for its insertion, under the pretext that in spite of the liberty which reigned in Piedmont, they could not find a printer who would put it in the press," nor one "of the eleven thousand signatures" who dared to reveal his name: it is curious to know why the meeting made choice of the Lyons journal. The sister of the chief editor of that paper was superior of the "Sacré-Cœur," a suppressed establishment at Chambéry, and which, it was said, would in case of annexation to France be re-established at the same time as the Jesuits. No wonder that the clerical journals of France applauded these separatist tendencies, and gave to them an importance at first by no means warranted. They afterwards say—"We must not believe that even under the dictatorship, Savoy was not free." Doubtless the Government did seize some separatist journals—it even suspended the "Courrier des Alpes;" but it may not be forgotten that those violent papers contained such insults against the "masters of Savoy" that in France, for analogous crimes, the editors would have been transported; and that in Austria—that is to

say, Venice—they would have been capitally punished. Under a régime of the greatest freedom, what lot would not have been reserved in France for a journal which demanded the dismemberment of Alsace or Lorraine? To get off for a confiscation, or suspension of six months—that is to say, the time for which the dictatorship lasted—is to be well out of it; and we must confess that the Sardinian Government, invested with dictatorial power, could not have done less to prove to Europe that the King Victor Emmanuel did not as yet dream of giving up to France the cradle of his race. In a word, the separatist agitation was not of itself so important as some discontented people would have made it. The mass of Savoyards are by nature indifferent and inert as to everything that does not affect their immediate interests; and that was what made the strength of the clerical agitators, who found that they had only the liberal *bourgeoisie* of the towns to oppose them. To give greater consistency to the agitation, it was necessary that the official journals of the Imperial Government should, in the last days of 1859, come to its aid.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ITALIAN REBEL.\*

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, in his celebrated "Confessions," painted no truer picture of a human character than we find drawn here. We do not compare the works alluded to as far as artistic merit is concerned. The one stands forth in all its polished simplicity and softly blended colours, the work of a master, the carefully considered design of a depraved, though cultivated mind. The other is a sketch, owing, perhaps, some of its truth to accident; but still a vigorous piece of work. Both are portraits of the authors themselves—pictures faithful to a fault, but differing in this: the blemish in the one is the piece of court plaster placed on the fair skin by design—the *patch*. In the other, it is a natural imperfection, which the artist would not conceal if he might. Vanity is the cause of both defects; a weakness which in the Frenchman's case amounted almost to insanity.

The autobiography before us is possessed of a charming reality; its subject never loses his originality, never ceases to be Ricciardi. In this fact lies the charm of a work which is neither very carefully nor very ably written. Vanity has given us a writer entirely freed from the fear of public disapprobation: a man who, when he occasionally uses the winning sentimentality, the flowing and happy language of his country, does so because such graces occur to him spontaneously. They are never used for the sake of effect or plausibility. We have in the character of Ricciardi an odd *mélange* of prejudice and liberality, and a singular absence of those qualities which form the elements of success, such as clearness of mental vision, caution, and respect for public opinion. He is clever, yet illogical; amiable, yet the champion of unamiable infidelity. He takes a certain picturesque view of nature, through a vista of anarchy and bloodshed. These opposite qualities make up the man's character, and supply its originality, and when we have once become acquainted with Ricciardi, his opinions and actions no longer seem inconsistent, so far as he is concerned.

The subject of this autobiography was born near Naples in the year 1808. His father, though afterwards Minister of Justice and Religion,

had not at the time of his marriage with our author's mother, gained even the first of those honours which were afterwards so liberally bestowed on him. The *mésalliance* of one of the Graniti with a "wretched advocate," was so ungrateful to that family, that Luisa Granito was declared an outcast, and treated with scorn. Ricciardi, who is very proud of his father, although there seems to have existed little affection between them, relates with enthusiasm his parent's rapid career. He tells us that the "wretched advocate," having attained the highest position at the Neapolitan bar, became in 1806 Councillor of State, and three years afterwards Minister of Grace and Justice; whilst of the Graniti, once so numerous a family, there remains now but a single branch, by no means distinguished, save for their noble origin.

Ricciardi is first presented to the reader as a boy of delicate health and singularly obstinate temper. "Notwithstanding," he says, "all the admonitions of my mother, and the reproofs of my father, I did not put my naturally vivacious, not to say insolent spirit, under control." He belonged, in fact, to the class of children nicknamed in Paris *les enfants terribles*. Taken by his parents to dine at the Villa Portici, whither they had been invited by King Joachim, our young republican breaks a number of plates and glasses, and finally seats himself in an arm-chair placed on a terrace, and intended for the convenience of the queen; neither bribes nor threats could induce him to vacate his seat. His early youth indeed was of little promise, nay, augured unfavourably. An ill-judged system of education, and a too severe infliction of the torture of grammar and the conjugation of Latin verbs, inspired him with a hatred for study. Ricciardi states that from his earliest youth he felt a repugnance for everything that savoured of priests and priestcraft. This is the more strange, because his mother was an exceedingly pious woman—unless, indeed, the feeling was established by that spirit of contradiction which so strongly influenced his early years. The narrative of the faults of his childhood, and the sufferings of six years of physical debility, is adorned by the warm expression of affection for his mother. That feeling pervades his whole life; runs like a vein of gold through the roughness and hardness of his character. It is dwelt on with the earnestness, the pathos, the enthusiasm of an Italian. She taught him all the good he knew whilst she lived, and her memory no doubt tempered in him the ferocity of the republican and the cynicism of the sceptic—for he was to become both. Speaking of his mother's letters he says:—

"I preserve these letters as my most precious treasures, and, dying, shall bequeath them to my daughter. Oh how often have I read and re-read them! and with what tears of earnest longing and tenderness, and sometimes even with joy! In hours of depression, in hours when the present appeared intolerable and the future offered nothing but despair, I turned to my mother's memory as my last refuge, and for the thousandth time, again read those letters; and a comfort, a peace I cannot describe, succeeded to distrust and misery! Ah! blessed be thou, my beloved mother! thou constant friend, and consoler of my unfortunate life! Not a day passes that I do not bow down before thy sacred memory!"

Ricciardi's vanity and self-complacency are occasionally amusing. He remarks on the necessity of cultivating a feeling of honour in children, "above all, if they are naturally of a noble and generous disposition, which I venture to assert my mother discovered in me." He tells us, moreover, that he early learned to

\* The Autobiography of an Italian Rebel. By G. Ricciardi. Translated from the Italian. (London: Bradbury and Evans.)

detest falsehood, and that he never even uttered a *white lie* from the time of his childhood. And yet we find him (page 155) denying his knowledge of a conspiracy, and confessing that he told a lie which, under the circumstances, was excusable, nay, even a matter of duty. During the illness which followed his childhood, Ricciardi acquired a love of reading which he never afterwards lost, and he seems to have reflected much and seriously. In 1821, Francis I. being regent of Naples, Ricciardi the elder, finding his political enemies too strong for him, and not meeting with the support which he expected from the King, left Naples for Rome. From this date our author's life becomes more marked by thought and research, and the feelings of the republican became more and more developed. The gradual change from the obstinate child to the wrong-headed man, is detailed with a reality and earnestness which spring from sincerity of conviction. Setting out on his journey through life with a belief that two professions were especially natural to man, "arms, and this (acting) so unworthily called histrionic," he soon became imbued with the idea that the sword, governed by the eloquence of the orator, was the true specific for human ills. We have a lively account of Ricciardi's travels, and the great persons whom he met. Want of caution, or natural indifference to result, leads him from one *contretemps* to another. Here is an instance:—

"During dinner, having related some instance of the folly of one of the Bourbons of Naples, and some of the guests having declared him mad, Guizot said, between jest and earnest, 'You forget, sir, that in the house of a minister a prince is never mad,' which words were addressed more to me than to the one who had made the remark: Guizot, perhaps, taking this way of letting me understand that such subjects were not agreeable to him. After dinner Guizot was talking of Italian affairs, and encouraged me to express my opinion with regard to them, though at my reply, and also on hearing me express my sentiments on the conduct of the French Government in 1831, the brow of the minister became clouded. Guizot never took notice of me again."

Having visited all parts of Paris, and satisfied himself of the intelligence of the lower classes of its inhabitants, he comes to London. He takes exception to the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, which he looks on as intended to represent the Duke of Wellington, because it is dedicated to that hero. He looks on such a figure as inconsistent with "the much-vaunted modesty of the fair sex in this country, where you must not talk of trousers or even a shirt." For the tremendous prescriptions tendered by this moral doctor, this political blood-letter, to suffering England, we must refer our readers to the book itself, contenting ourselves with one short quotation:—

"There is a numerous party, both rich and powerful—that of the Tories—who obstinately oppose all reform. The Whigs make a pretence of desiring reform and endeavouring to promote it, but dislike it in their hearts; a third party, called the Radicals, either do not know or do not dare to follow the only course that would save the country—that of a revolution."

Ricciardi speaks in terms of the most glowing description of our roads, manufactures, &c., but does not see the use of such advantages in a country "where the greatest proportion of the population are dying of hunger or worse." Ricciardi is also anxious to be informed when the time may be expected in which the poor of Great Britain shall turn and rend their oppressors.

Between the years 1833 and 1836 our author, who has returned to his native country,

figures as editor of a journal, the "Progresso;" shortly afterwards, he suffered eight months imprisonment for his political opinions, but nothing is recorded in connection with his confinement in Italy worthy of notice—beyond the fact that he was well treated.

#### THE REVIVAL.\*

THERE are few subjects with regard to which it is more becoming to speak with reverent and measured language, as an ancient Greek would have phrased it—*εὐσεβὴς φωνή*—than those which are of the nature of spiritual manifestations, whether the term "spiritual" refers merely to the nature of man, or to the presumed agency of the Spirit of God. This was the first point we felt inclined to look at in the work before us, bearing internal evidence of its being written by a man of deep religious feeling, and our author has carefully maintained a reverent medium between two extremes which writers on the subject have generally fallen into. Several belonging to the public press, as the "Times" and the "Lancet," have treated the revival in Ulster as manifesting either ludicrous extravagance, to be put down by the civil magistrate, or the results of epidemic disease, to be treated solely as hysteria. Others, again, are inclined to promote and push it to the utmost, as a direct manifestation of a wide outpouring of the Holy Spirit, second only to that which took place at the day of Pentecost, if indeed it be not that which is spoken of by the prophet Joel, supposing that prophecy hitherto unaccomplished. Some hold it up as a snare of Satan, against which the sober-minded Christian is bound to protest, just as those foolish persons, clerical and others, a few years ago, believing in the absurd statements as to "Table-turning" and "Spirit-rapping," and not having the common sense of Professor Faraday, warned religious men to stand aloof in superstitious awe of the mighty power exhibited *sensibly* (!) by the Prince of Darkness. Amid these three varieties of opinion, are various theories. One—to which probably many clergymen of the Church of England would assent, and which in many respects is characterised by sober calmness of judgment, a useful antidote to check the extreme views of the promoters—is that of Archdeacon Stopford. His views, though he is not disinclined to admit that some good might arise from men generally being brought to think as to their religious condition, are what may generally be termed the hysterical hypothesis: that the seizures, the prostrations, the trances into which those fell who were, as it is technically called, "struck," are mere manifestations of hysterical attacks, such as we most usually witness among females or persons of weak constitution. It is no wonder that a person who has long lived a life of wretchedness, suddenly awakened to thoughts of eternity, should exhibit symptoms such as are every day experienced in cases of inordinate joy or grief. But all who have watched the great facts of the revival in Ireland and other places, though not inclined to deny that in some cases the phenomena may be so accounted for, must, we think, admit that the search, such as our author enters upon, for other laws under which they may be brought, is at all events not unreasonable. Hysteria alone is inadequate, and strong men in physical health never elsewhere have been known to be subject to such symptoms of mere bodily disease.

We have no time to enter on a history of the phenomena which Mr. Wilkinson exhibits

\* *The Revival, in its Physical, Psychological, and Religious Aspects.* By W. M. Wilkinson. (London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.)

pretty clearly, but with which the public are generally familiar. It is in vain to explain many of them by denial, or fancying the accounts are exaggerated. We think they are well authenticated—even some of the most seemingly-supernatural accounts of girls, who could hardly read, turning up the Bible at certain places, and reading off from them. Our author does not give any explanation of such wonders. We think they could be accounted for on the same principle that many persons, on their death-beds for instance, will speak in languages long forgotten, which perhaps, in ordinary circumstances, they would almost disclaim knowledge of. And this, without resorting to the Platonic notion that all knowledge is *ἀνάμνησις*. When we see every day in schools that children apparently know what, if sifted by questions in different words, they have only by rote, we can conceive of a person, who may be said to be "unable to read," either appearing to do so, repeating by memory a passage she knew where to find in a Bible, or recalling, in a particular state of mind, powers of reading she might be unable, on ordinary occasions, to exercise. Those who have investigated mental laws in connection with clairvoyance, magnetism, and other biological phenomena, are aware how far one particular faculty may be sharpened by a determined will, acting to the exclusion of ideas which might interfere with it.

There are two principles which induce our author to take the reasonable and moderate—though by no means dogmatically-insisted-on—view which he does in these pages. The first is the composite nature of man, "consisting of the elements of spirit, soul, and body; and the reasonable, if not proved, certainty, that there will be in all his developments a union of the results of these three forces of his being." In accordance with this view, then, the phenomena are looked on in threefold aspects: some the result of physical causes; others psychological, such as would result from the action of mind on mind; and religious or spiritual, such as would be looked for if we admit, as all must in some sense, "that the soul has," apart from mere intellectual capabilities, "capacities and powers of intuitive knowledge, of enlightenment, of memory, of prayer, and prophecy." We know not how the Holy Spirit operates; yet we do know that it operates on each according to the extent and power of reception. The second principle is taking for granted the laws of animal magnetism, extended to the higher capacities of our nature.

A few years ago such laws would have been contested as keenly as the higher laws of spiritual influence, which the author rather indicates and believes than attempts to explain and account for. That one man has mental ascendancy over another, proportionate to the energy of the suggestion and the receptive power of the patient, is now generally accorded, and therefore our author is entitled to claim such instances as accounting for the contagion among those who attended revival meetings; the same explanation may be given of what have been popularly termed similar religious epidemics. "The preaching sickness in Sweden," the case of the "Prophets in the Cevennes," and others, are detailed in the chapter before us.

Mr. Wilkinson's idea is to extend the laws which act on the "states and capacities of man, such as are inherent in his essence and implanted in him, that he may have the faculty of being spoken to by God." We do not think, in discussing such high matters, that the bounds of either reason or reverence are exceeded. Our author would readily admit "that



the spiritual agencies through which the Father acts in His unutterable providences" are among those "deep things," which probably in no stage of the world's progress we shall ever see but "darkly." The spirit of the work is that we are to look for the law regulating such cases through psychical and spiritual laws, and not rest in them alone. It may be said that it is a dangerous matter for Protestants too readily to admit "faith" instead of "reason;" but our author clearly protests against being governed by the laws of intellect alone, apart from divine and spiritual connections. In the chapter headed the "Dynamics of Prayer," and the term he uses of a *vacuum force*, by which he means that in proportion as we acknowledge need of higher aid, we create the relation which enables us to receive it—he indicates the mode of spiritual communication. In this he will, we doubt not, be supported both by sound reasoners and sound theologians, even though they may dispute the propriety of the language in which his propositions are couched.

In discussing the "revivals" of course extravagance is not to be lost sight of. Our author shows how peculiar doctrinal belief gave the direction to the spiritually-struck; and it is a peculiarity of sects merely who think that unless great excitement is shown, a saving and permanent conversion is not effected. He objects, very properly, to the narrow use of the word "conversion" as synonymous with "final salvation"—a mistake we would not fall into if we did not lose sight of the proper dictionary meaning, a "turning towards." We read, unfortunately, of many who, having had high religious enthusiasm, and assumed to be spiritual guides, have turned back again to wickedness. A newspaper, a few days since, related that one of the great revival preachers at Coleraine, one of the chief seats of it—one who bore about with him a label, a ticket, "Accepted," drowned himself in the Bann. Undoubtedly cases of relapse will occur, probably among those in whom the excitement has been strongest and most unnatural. A year or two hence it may be more easy to judge practically of the fruits of the revival; but some good at least must have been effected, and though sober reason ought to check extravagances, we cannot but agree with our author when he says, "What harm if in these revivals love should a little outrun intellect? Whatever judgment you may pass on the results of the revival, do not lose sight of the laws by which they work, for they are the laws of the soul; and let the revivals themselves be fairly judged by their results. If they have brought one nearer to the Lord, they are not of evil; and we cannot have read what is written if we do not find they have brought thousands in the way."

#### MAINSTONE'S HOUSEKEEPER.\*

THERE is an extraordinary amount of ingenuity in this novel; the inventive power displayed is perhaps even more than the tale required. The threads are almost too complicated, the interest too frequently distracted, the style too evidently laboured, to afford perfect satisfaction to the reader. He is obliged perpetually to stop in order to recall some incident that has occurred some time earlier in the narrative, or to disentangle some skein which at the first glance appears inextricably confused. In fact, the tale reminds us of a forest in which the paths are choked up by tangled underwood. We require a bill-hook to clear the way before we can fairly estimate the beauty of the trees, or catch through the opening gaps a glimpse of the dis-

tant landscape. We feel quite sure that the writer has her own creations thoroughly under control; but as it is occasionally rather a trouble to follow in her course, the wish often arises that she had been less adventurous, and had confined herself within a narrower range. Then, again, the writing often strikes us as being too fine for the occasion. The Mainstone housekeeper, for instance, though entitled to use good language, would scarcely have expressed herself as she is represented to have done to ignorant and illiterate people.

The tale, as a whole, is wanting in simplicity and in breadth. It is certain to attract attention, for it is the work of a very clever and able writer; but, if we mistake not, it will perplex and irritate at the same time. The housekeeper herself is, as school-boys would say, a decided "brick." There is nothing she fears doing, or cannot do. Her power is irresistible. She possesses a magician's wand, and appears capable of rectifying every mishap under the wide heavens. When she quietly assumes the reins of power in the rector's house at Mainstone, it is inspiring to see how calmly she confronts the brutal fury of Mrs. Jack, who, having long been lady-paramount over the domain and its master, and holding, as she fancies, a secret which enables her to keep the reverend rector in constraint, acts with an effrontery which is almost unparalleled in common life, and not very usual in a novel.

Julius Radnor himself is an estimable and eccentric character; he is absorbed with his books, and has become a hypochondriac from some hidden grief, the secret of which is discovered long before the conclusion of the tale. If conventional propriety has any value in the world, it must be confessed that that value is not appreciated in this novel. It might have been just possible for the pupil to retain her place in the master's house as his one companion, even after the relationship had been changed, and the old man had confessed the love of years; but it is more difficult to understand how this pseudo-housekeeper could place herself in a position so anomalous as that which leads to her engagement with Richard Wenlock.

Richard himself is a model man of a type not unfrequently represented in modern novels. He has raised himself from a lowly sphere by intellectual energy, and patient toil with head and hand. He is represented as a self-taught, strong, silent man, with iron nerves, and a large heart, who studies recondite works on the mathematics, and is acquainted with anatomy, physiology, geology, chemistry, and agriculture. An engine-wright by trade, he is, we are told, kindly in his nature, a man of high aspirations and genuine truth.

Well, the old clergyman suspects that his former pupil and present housekeeper, whom he loves so much, feels but too keenly the worth of this "black-handed forgeman," and he comes to the extraordinary resolution of revealing the true state of the case to Wenlock, and imploring him to renounce all intercourse with Miss Eliot, for a little, a very little time, so that he might be able to try the full effect of his own tenderness. Wenlock, in the great joy of knowing that he is loved, accedes to this request "for a time." At length this strange story reaches Charlotte's ears. She appears overpowered with shame and indignation, and will not see or speak to her old master, but passes by him as if she knew him not. The scene that follows shall be transcribed from the novel. Roger Ascham, as she is wont to call him, seeks the forgiveness of his

"Tullia:—

"Forgive me, Charlotte, forgive me!—I erred through the very greatness of my love!"

"In some things," she replied coldly, "I always thought you weak, Mr. Radnor, but not so weak as you've shown yourself to be. The very thought of into what depths of humiliation your folly has sunk me, half slays me—much more the fact. To think of your making such a compact with Mr. Wenlock, a man who never addressed words of love to me, or I to him. Magister, if you had wilfully sought out some cunning way to wound me, you could have found none more terrible than this."

"Yet I dealt with no hypothesis, but with truth. You love the man!"

"His words were unwise, for they roused in her a stern anger, such as in all his experience and knowledge of her he had neither seen nor known."

"What then!—are you governor of my conscience, Mr. Radnor? But I tell you again, you deal with an hypothesis of your own creation—I never told you I loved Mr. Wenlock, or gave you other cause to think I did."

"Yet a guess, Tullia, often hits the truth. You confessed to me, at least, that when you first came here you had seen none your heart had cared to choose. Leaving me to infer, that since then you had. I knew of your friendly acquaintanceship with Richard Wenlock—and, dull as my perception naturally is, I heard and saw enough to tell me that he was the man. Your woman's judgment was sound and true; but thinking that the preference was as yet undeclared—that had I acted and spoken earlier, your girlish liking for the old magister might have ripened into feelings more akin to the great love he had so long borne you—thinking that I would at least to try to win you, I went to him. I told him of my many years' love for you—and I besought him to give my hopes a chance, by refraining from seeing you, or, if he saw you, by showing few outward signs of regard. At least for a time—and he consented, after much earnest entreaty."

"You told him, I suppose," she asked, with flushed and haughty anger, "that I loved him?"

"Yes! I think I did—because I believed it to be true, and do so still."

"It was painful to see her modest shame. She hid her burning face in her upraised hands, and in the pain of her deep humiliation, rocked herself to and fro."

The day following, the housekeeper visits Wenlock's old aunt, who had earnestly requested to see her once more before she died. It was too late, the house was closed, and Charlotte turned back. But ere long her heart smote her, and she once more entered the cottage, and knocked at the door of Richard's parlour.

"I have retraced my steps," she said, faltering beneath his gaze, and her words almost dying on her tongue, "to offer you sympathy for your loss. It must be a great one to you, Mr. Wenlock."

"It is, especially at this time, when more than one thing comes to make me desolate. But I thank you for coming, and more particularly for the visit you paid my poor old aunt the other day—for it greatly consoled and comforted her."

"I am glad it did so. It was equally advantageous to me, for she made a revelation of a most extraordinary kind. Perhaps you are aware of it."

"He looked surprised, but said, concisely, "No."

"She told me of a certain visit which Mr. Radnor paid you one night some time ago. She had listened on the stairs and discovered its import, and I cannot tell you what was my profound humiliation to find myself the cause of so much foolishness on the part of Mr. Radnor. Still, it has been the source of some satisfaction to me, as showing the reason of your discourteous estrangement; for I attributed it to some error of my own—some way too unrestrained—some word too free—though I could recall neither to mind, for a man so austere as yourself. Not, of course, that the estrangement, intrinsically for itself, mattered much—though it is unpleasant to be forsaken by one's friends, and know no reason why." She spoke these last words a little proudly, though looking away from him as she did.

"But he appeared to be pursuing his own thoughts rather than listening."

"I wish such a visit had never been paid," he

\* *Mainstone's Housekeeper*. By Eliza Meteyard ("Silverpen"). 2 vols. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)

said; after a minute's pause—'or rather that I had not been so foolish as to listen to its request. Before then the future held some hope for me—now it has none.'

"She knew intuitively to what he alluded, but by an effort she made no sign that this knowledge was hers.

"I am equally sorry," she replied, 'because most inadmissible subjects were referred to, and my own position made one of pitiable humiliation. But so far as Mr. Radnor's error can be qualified, let my own and his apologies go; for his regret has lasted long, and seems to have been most poignant.'

"This cannot be," was the austere answer; 'he came here to serve himself, and he has done so, if I rightly understand.'

"I cannot answer you, for it is a subject on which I wish to speak no further. Now, let me say good evening, Mr. Wenlock, for the carriage waits. I sincerely hope that time will bring its consolation for your great loss.' She was going—she had moved away a step or two, but he followed her, and entreated her not to go.

"Please stay a little longer," he said; 'you came to console me for my loss, and have not done so. Here is a chair, Miss Eliot—please sit down. I am a churl not to have offered you one before; but pray stay awhile—your words can comfort me as nothing else can.'

"She obeyed him—not reluctantly—as he could see, but as submissively to his will as a child. He was respectful, and yet self-resolved—willing to concede to her the reverence and respect which were her due, and yet show that he did not forget his own self-reliant dignity.

"She had taken the chair he had set for her near the fire beside the table, opposite his own—and now he sat down too.

"Miss Eliot," he said, looking away from her, so as not to disconcert her, 'we must talk of this subject a little further. I hear of your engagement to Mr. Radnor from many quarters—is it true?'

"It was," she faltered, after a moment's painful hesitation.

"Is not so now?"

"No."

"Why not? please tell me."

"She seemed vexed by his pertinacity, kept her silence, and it was not till he had repeated his question that she spoke.

"I would rather not say more on this subject, Mr. Wenlock—it is painful to me—you have no right to question me."

"I think I have, if I judge correctly. Why, if you did not wish to marry Mr. Radnor, did you promise to do so?"

"He gave me up of his own free will. He had spine remorse of conscience that I was younger than he, and—"

"And what? But question as he might, she would say no more.

"He saw you loved another?—was that it?—from whom you had only turned away because you were justly wounded by his unpardonable, foolish, and estranged manner! Was this it? If so, he who committed the error asks pardon; and if you do not despise hands which, in their day, have done rough work at forge and anvil, here they are offered to you, to protect you through life—their possessor loving you with unspeakable love."

"He spoke these words in a low but deeply-moved voice—the hard-wrought hands lay just before her on the table—but he would betray no more of his profound and long-cherished love till he had had some sign that it was reciprocated. His natural humility of character was great; but he was too manly, too self-reliant, to sue in the least thing like a slave.

"She was worthy of him and his simple nobleness: without disguise—without coyness—without affectation—now she knew she might, now he had declared himself to her, she for no further moment veiled her deep love. Bending down her face to the swart hands, there fell her kisses—there fell her tears—presently they were gathered to her breast. To her they were noble hands, though they had wrought Vulcan-like for bread.

"In another moment she was gathered in his arms—for she was his world, even more than he

was hers. By one so reserved as he, no word of his aspiring love had hitherto been spoken—to one of his busy, self-ennobling life, there had been neither taste nor time for ordinary passion. The forces thus restrained were now like the tempest and the flood."

Our long extract almost forbids our selecting any more passages from the volumes, though there is one scene of reconciliation and love so beautiful that we would gladly have transcribed it. Some of the minor characters in the volume are admirably worked out, and the author's description of the rural poor is especially felicitous; but the account of Mr. Walcot's conduct is ineffably absurd, and would only be tolerable in a farce. Imagine a clergyman making an offer after such a fashion as the following:—

"As you will take no part in my school, as you will not even share in an intellectual friendship, I have at last made up my mind to take another step, though against the habits and tastes of many years. Be my wife. It is an offer of which any woman in this country might be proud. I am a gentleman of birth, a fellow of my College, rector of Brooklov and Filcot, and possessor of an income of not less than six thousand a year. Of course you cannot say nay."

"But no voice replied—the pen still went on.

"May I interpret this silence as a tacit consent? I really like you—love you as much as I could any woman—for only you would I give up my precious liberty. But you have learning, fortune, looks—you will honour me!"

"Still the pen kept on.

"Pray, speak. My epic is just done—you will share in my literary as well as in other honours. My dear Charlotte, you accept my offer!"

The novel has many racy scenes and many pathetic touches to which the reader will recur with pleasure; but as a whole, "Mainstone's Housekeeper" seems to us to lack compression and concentration of interest.

#### THE NEW SHAKESPERIAN LIGHT.\*

BACON, in his famous division of books into three classes, was guilty of a serious sin of omission, a sin less notable in his time than in our own. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested." Some books also, we may add, are to be spat out again, and this pamphlet is of the number. A feeble production we have seldom met with, and we protest against it on every ground. It says little or nothing, and it says it very ill. Then why should "Scrutator" launch out into the parade and ostentation of a deliberately printed pamphlet, a meagre idea, which could have been more than adequately pronounced and developed in the humbler form of a letter to the "Times," or, in case of refusal there, to the "valuable space" of the "Morning Star." In the capacity of critics, we object strongly to any young gentleman occupying our time and attention by an effusion of eight-and-twenty pages in length, when all that he has to tell us could have been compressed with infinite advantage into the more modest compass of eight-and-twenty lines of a newspaper column. It is an abuse of the freedom of the press.

The writer has evidently primed himself with a good dose of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and we congratulate him on the use which he has made of his reading. It is said that members of Parliament derive their Latin quotations from this source; and "Scrutator's" Latin scraps, for we cannot call them quotations, seem to have been culled from the same field. Within the brief space of two pages (pp. 4, 5), we may count no less than twelve Latin

shreds, such as "*argumentum ad judicium*," "*jacta est alea*," and the like. Nowhere, however, does "Scrutator's" Latin extend beyond three words, except in the motto, where we find six, "*Ficta omnia celeriter tanquam flosculi decidunt*;" and we are not sure that even here a more appropriate, though less recondite motto, would not have been the time-honoured sentiment of the Eton Grammar, "*As in præsentem*." The Eton Grammar is probably a work to which "Scrutator" has not extended his scrutiny; else he would scarcely have been guilty of so detestable a transposition of words as "*acquiret vires eundo*" (p. 25). A book may be introduced by a quotation from Cicero, and may be crammed with the names of Plutarch, Charon, and Circe, and yet it may not be the work either of a scholarlike or educated person; a "Handbook of Familiar Quotations," and a pocket edition of Lempriere will readily supply such scholarship to "the meanest capacity." We fear also that "Scrutator's" acquaintance with physiology is much of the same Brummagem description. "Many whose prejudices are as crooked as their spines," is a sentence which occurs in p. 4. We have yet to learn that crookedness is a normal characteristic of the human spine, and surely "Scrutator" might have provided himself, either out of his own imagination or Burton, with a more graceful as well as a more correct simile. Again, here is a specimen of "Scrutator's" English, from which we infer that he has been lately perusing the remains of the late Mrs. Gamp's aphorisms:—"Yet surely the manner and means employed have scarcely been consonant with the feelings of liberality and *bon accord* which ought to prompt one Christian to *act towards another*." We presume that the phrase "to act," when translated out of Gampish into English, would be "in his actions" or some similar version. Our readers will also observe from the above passage that "Scrutator" is a Frenchscholar, and in one place (p. 23) he even indulges in Italian. As Moth says, in "Love's Labour Lost," "He has been at a great feast of the languages, and stolen the scraps." We are astonished at the absence of Greek from these pages. We must really recommend to the writer's attention the works of a Greek author, named Hierocles, who wrote a collection of *ana relative to the Σχολαστικαίς*, from which "Scrutator" may derive some useful suggestions for his next enterprise.

What, after all, is the gist of those eight-and-twenty pages? From the midst of a strange and uncouth conglomeration of inappropriate foreign expressions, bad English, and general ambitious ignorance, mingled with much silly personal invective, we discern with difficulty the one idea of the chaotic mass. "Scrutator" suggests that the pencilings which have given rise to the whole controversy, and whose presence he does not attempt to deny, are the work of two hands: some of them being due to the old corrector—namely, those underlying the ink; and the others to a hypothetical owner of the copy, who wrote explanatory and other suggestions on the margin, either for his own satisfaction, or with a view to printing them at some future time. But, it may be urged, the underlying pencil-marks are in a modern hand. No, says "Scrutator," such cursive handwriting, especially in pencil, was not infrequent in the middle of the seventeenth century (p. 11). He then takes the fac-similes prefixed to Mr. Hamilton's "Inquiry," &c., and, analysing them one by one, attempts to show how they support his theory as to there having been two hands and two pencils—one in the seventeenth and the other in the nineteenth century; the old corrector, "who

\* *Structura on Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton's Inquiry, &c.* By "Scrutator." (London: J. Russell Smith, 1860.)



first inserted some of his corrections in pencil," and an imaginary Mr. Jones, a former proprietor of the volume, who wished "to elucidate the corrector's corrections."

Now, that there is a certain amount of ingenuity about this hypothesis at first sight, we do not deny, but the refutation of it is so simple that the apparent ingenuity soon vanishes. Mr. Hamilton asserts that the underlying pencilings are all in the same hand as those on the margin, which "Scrutator" attributes to Mr. Jones, and admits to be in modern handwriting. And further, "Scrutator" has not only neglected to allude to that part of his opponent's case which turns upon the other documents, such as Mrs. Alley's Letter, the Player's Petition, &c., but he has utterly ignored one most important argument of Mr. Hamilton's, and one on which, in fact, the question very much turns—namely, that the ink corrections are modern and forged. If this be so, why write a pamphlet to show what was patent—that it was within the limits of possibility that the corrections should have been made by two different persons in two different centuries? "Scrutator" has ventured to give the name of "Strictures on Mr. Hamilton's Inquiry" to a pamphlet which never even so much as mentions the latter and most weighty portion of that "Inquiry." As we have again and again maintained, the question is one of paleography, and whatever additional support either side may procure from circumstantial evidence, the ultimate verdict must be pronounced by paleographers, and on paleographic grounds. Till this is clearly and unhesitatingly recognised by both parties, we shall have nothing but unsatisfactory and disgraceful wranglings. Our chief object in noticing the pamphlet now before us, has not been to further the views of Mr. Hamilton, or in any way to show a hostile feeling towards Mr. J. Payne Collier, but to prove how even the weakest writer on the subject serves to corroborate the view which we have more than once endeavoured to impress. At the same time, we were desirous of exposing such an unhealthy production as "Scrutator's" brochure. Who "Scrutator" really is we have not the least idea; but we trust that when next moved by the literary spirit, he will not rush wildly into a pamphlet, but confine himself to the safer, if less glorious, amusement of inquiring the opinion of the "Family Herald" upon his caligraphy. We have not often met with a more puerile effusion, nor one more unworthy of its subject.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*An Essay on the Causes of Distant Alternate Inundations.* By Augustus Bergh. (Ridgway.) A singular book, singularly published. The author dedicates his labours to his "children and friends," and fears that, if they "expose it to the world," they will be censured for overrating his qualifications. We have no inclination to censure them, although an elementary course of geological reading would probably have materially altered their views, and shown them that the changes which the earth's crust has undergone are far too complicated to admit of explanation by periodical inundations arising from astronomical causes. Mr. Bergh assumes that the periodical changes in the direction of the earth's axis are sufficient to upset the stability of the ocean, and give rise to long periods of deluge and subsidence. We do not think astronomers would agree with him as to the amount of the effect produced by such means, and it would have been vain to have tested his theory by applying it strictly to the phenomena that have to be explained. The stability of the ocean, arising from its low mean density, as compared with that of the earth—one to five—forms a starting point for sound

reasoning upon this subject; and if secular astronomical changes produce disturbances, their amount requires careful calculation, and must not be assumed off-hand to be competent to the production of enormous and startling results. A long array of facts shows that the mean level of the ocean is maintained, and that the solid earth is subject to continual elevations and depressions. Alternately impelling the mass of waters from one side of the world to the other, would no doubt give rise to important changes of its surface, but certainly not to the kind of changes with which we meet on carefully examining the records exposed to our view by natural or artificial sections. Not one hundredth part of the theories put forth to account for geological phenomena would ever be compounded, if the natural and logical method of studying the subject were followed. If Mr. Bergh's astronomy were right, it would be a great mistake to attempt to deduce geology from a law of inundations, instead of building it up inductively by collecting and collating the facts which belong to its sphere of investigation. Professor Phillips has furnished some valuable data for a comparative chronology of the changes which strata are known to have undergone. We may at least arrive at some means of estimating geological periods in actual time, but no one acquainted with the difficulties of the task would set any value upon the tables computed by Mr. Bergh without any reference to the special facts of the science upon which he treats.

*Ur's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* (Longman.) The eighth part of the new edition of this most useful Dictionary is just published. It is to be completed in fifteen parts, and will form three good-sized volumes. The present part finishes the article on gold, and concludes with one on iron. A clear and concise article on gunpowder will be found in its pages, and the history and application of gutta percha is useful and instructive. Conducted as this work is by its able Editor, Mr. Robert Hunt, and having for its contributors such men as Ansell, Bone, Fairholt, Herapath, Napier, Noad, Oxland, Walker, and Witt, there can be no doubt of the correctness of its information. The engravings are numerous and well executed, the book is admirably printed, and there is a clearness in its construction which renders it a most convenient guide for the student of science and art.

*The Girl's Birthday Book.* (Houlston and Wright. 1860.) This is a very good collection of tales for children, each of which is designed to illustrate the benefits and happiness arising from a strict adherence to upright and moral principles, or the evils resulting from an opposite course of conduct. Many of the stories are apparently translated from the French, and bear the characteristics of a foreign style, which will be a sufficient apology for occasional forms of expression in which the idiom of the original language is plainly discernible. These tales embrace a variety of subjects, and are adapted to children of all ages, who will derive much agreeable instruction as well as amusement from their perusal. The young readers of the "Birthday Book" will doubtless appreciate its bright and handsome binding, and the numerous illustrations with which it is adorned.

*Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire.* Vol. XI. Session 1858-59. (Holden, Liverpool.) The uses of such learned societies as the numerous and flourishing body whose yearly Transactions we have before us, are, as we are told in one of the papers of the volume, extremely various, in accordance with their different composition and purposes. In London the determining direction of learned societies is the science specially cultivated by each. In provincial towns, the guide is the intellectual tendency of the locality or the special object of preserving what in any particular district is distinctive, and might otherwise be lost sight of. Of the twelve or thirteen papers or essays read at meetings, some may be classified as of peculiar local interest; others, as generally interesting to the learned reader of the first class. We have an historical sketch of the Warrington Academy: the foundation commenced about one hundred years ago by names of historic fame, chiefly as belonging to the body of English Presbyterians. Among the

sketches of the early masters of that academy, one notices those of Gilbert Wakefield, Dr. Enfield, author, among other educational works, of "The Speaker," Mr. Leddon, the chief founder, and the famous Dr. Priestley. Unfortunately, the orthodoxy of more than one became suspected, and "discipline fell sick and died," though for a time it flourished. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the Irish rebel, who in early youth fled to Warrington as a refugee while under rustication from Cambridge, and Dr. Malthus, are the most celebrated or notorious of the pupils. One of the most interesting papers, illustrated by neat plates, is on the "Arming of Levies in the Hundred of Winal, County of Chester," when the gradual steps of the transition from the "Long-bow of the past to the rifle of the future," are detailed. Part I., on the "Popular Customs and Superstitions of Lancashire," records some interesting facts of popular belief; but we might have expected in that county of witches some more special to the locality than what seem to be given here. An outline of the sea-coast, with early maps, and an account of insects in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, are the chief remaining local papers. As of general interest to antiquarians and the learned public, we note a paper by A. C. Gibson, on Runic inscriptions, and one by Professor Cornelian, of Queen's College, Cork, on the poems of Ossin, the Irish Ossian, where he satisfactorily shows that till a late period, Ireland, and Ireland alone, was called *Scotia*. The most interesting paper in the volume appears to us to be that of the Rev. A. Hume, D.C.L., on geographical terms as enshrining the English language, nearly as possible exhaustive of the wide field which the "study of words" of that kind opens out to us, and which we regret space prevents us from noticing at length.

*Alice of Fobbing; or, the Times of Jack Straw and Watt Tyler.* (J. and H. Parker. 1860.) This is a short historical tale, which carries us back to the close of the 14th century, and the troublous times of the last of the Plantagenets. The scenes which accompanied the insurrection of Wat Tyler, the terrible state of the country, the tyranny of the nobles, and the bitter resentment of the serfs, are well described, and the writer seems well acquainted with the manners and customs of those early times. Alice, the heroine, is an orphan girl, whose brothers have been deeply involved in the rebellion; after bravely encountering many perils, and performing striking acts of self-devotion, she succeeds in obtaining from King Richard a pardon for her youngest brother, who has been taken prisoner, but the pardon unhappily arrives too late, and the unexpected sight of his corpse has the effect of producing temporary insanity, from which, however, she eventually recovers, and is united to one to whom she had long been betrothed, and whose devotion has been fully proved during her affliction. The character of Father Basil, who accompanies Alice on her errand to the king, is finely drawn.

*Curiosities of Science. Second Series.* By John Timbs. (Kent and Co.) This is another of those admirable little works which make Mr. Timbs's name a household word. It forms, we are told, the sixth volume of "Things not generally Known Familiarly Explained," and is as excellent as its predecessors in the series. The first set of "Curiosities of Science" comprised articles chiefly on Astronomy, Geology, and Magnetism and Electricity, whilst the volume before us is principally devoted to the subject of Chemistry, with a very appropriate account illustrative of Alchemy. We do not often find so much valuable and interesting matter condensed into such small compass: the subjects of the articles are as well selected as they are lucidly handled, and doubtless the book will be as widely read as the others from the same hand.

*Revue Germanique* (for May 1860.) It is not quite easy at first sight to discover why this periodical calls itself the "Revue Germanique." It is written in French; it is published in Paris; and its tone is French. Whilst inferior to the world-famous "Revue des Deux Mondes," it has considerable merit of its own, and though some of the subjects are not very happily chosen, it is generally well written, and displays an erudition which is perhaps the chief German characteristic it possesses. The present num-

ber is sufficiently varied. It opens with a second article on "The Philosophy of the Beautiful," by M. Victor Cherbuliez, which is a review of the system of art of M. H. Vischer, and is written with some power. "Contemporary German Historians," "The Physical Geography of Germany," and the sketch of "Sophie de la Roche," are all very instructive and interesting. There is also a translation of a German story, "Les Solitaires," and an article entitled "Fragments of Indian Religion," containing an account of the education and superstitions of the Ojibbeways.

*Tales from Blackwood.* (William Blackwood and Sons.) These popular tales have now furnished matter for nine volumes, the last of which is before us. Although a marked disparity exists between the respective merits of the writers who from time to time contributed these stories to "Blackwood," each month brings us something acceptable; and he must, indeed, be possessed of a saturnine temperament, who, in the quarter's half dozen reprints, finds not something excellent. In the present volume, we are especially pleased with the history of "Harry Bolton's Curacy," which is related in an easy, humorous manner; all the characters introduced being well-coloured and life-like pictures of their class. "The Beauty Draught" is a pretty little French story; in which Jacqueline, a good-hearted, merry-spirited country girl, whose face is more remarkable for good humour than for regularity of feature, is cured of a little rising discontent on that score by a dream, in which she becomes wondrous fair, and finds that she is by no means more happy for the change. We hope to see many more volumes of these "Tales."

*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.* (Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.) The June number of this admirable history of the lower species—parts 15 and 16—fully bears out the character of its predecessors, and gives further promise of the completeness of the work as a whole. Commencing with sheep, and passing on to the deer, we find in this number some perfect illustrations of the camel tribe, treated of in the editor's peculiarly attractive style. But perhaps, to the general reader, the greatest inducement to the perusal of the present number will be the history of the horse, which is represented in its wild state, and from thence through the various stages of its existence, up to the period when its utilitarian properties are recognised by man. The illustrations are as usual remarkably good, and the getting up perfect.

*Artist and Craftsman.* (Macmillan and Co.) This story is a reprint from the pages of the "Dublin University Magazine." It is a pleasant and readable volume, containing much excellent portraiture of character, and at the same time there is a certain amount of what may be called twaddle. There is too little plot and incident. Mr. Kingsley has much to answer for in initiating the type of the "three-volume working man;" here again we have another journeyman Cromwell, in the person of Luke Brandling, the craftsman of our novel. This style of hero will probably have its day, and then make way for another. In the description of the Oxonians, the author is evidently quite at home; his delineation of their various characters, modes of expression, and ways of thinking, is happy in the extreme. It is a pity, however, that he should have put into the mouth of a well-bred Oxford man such an expression as this, "He must be a Cambridge man! His hands are so dirty!" The women of this story are peculiarly well drawn. The heroine, Clara, especially, is a charming creation—natural, enthusiastic, and with the true artist soul. On the whole, the book evinces considerable power, and we recommend it to our readers.

*History of the Consulate and the Empire.* By M. A. Thiers. Translated from the French. Vol. XVII. (Willis and Sotheman.) It is not more than three months since the seventeenth volume of this great work appeared in Paris. Those who happened to be in that city at the time, will remember the impatience with which it was expected, and how for three or four days after its publication, nearly every man you met in the streets had a copy under his arm. The English public

ought to be grateful to the publishers for the promptness with which they have attended to the wants of that decreasing part of the population who are unable to read the work in the original. We believe the national tone is greatly improved by the translation of foreign works, and we should be glad to see this practice carried even further than it is at present. There cannot be a surer preservative against narrow-mindedness and intellectual stagnation amongst a people, than the regular diffusion of the best works of other nations: such a process, by means of which we see that others think very differently, and take very different views of things from ourselves, is a powerful agency in promoting catholicity and liberality of sentiment. In history this is particularly valuable, and even necessary, if we would attain to anything like a fair view of the various relations borne by one nation to another. For ourselves, the works of the French historians are essential. Nearly every historical event may be the object of a twofold view: one side may declare it to have been evil in itself, in its origin, and in its consequences, whilst the other is equally convinced of the entire opposite. In studying the history of England, it is necessary to the acquisition of a correct or philosophic knowledge of the actual state of circumstances, that we should check and balance the assertions and theories of our own writers, by means of the assertions and theories of the writers of that nation which has been all but uniformly hostile to us, and whose policy has invariably been the reverse of our own. On this account, therefore, we are always glad to see translations from the French historians. In the case of M. Thiers's history, this is more than usually desirable. Napoleon Bonaparte is so ill understood, and his character so imperfectly interpreted in England—and perhaps this is hardly unnatural—that any assistance from foreign sources in remedying this is most welcome. Of M. Thiers's merits as an historian, we need not now speak; there is all possible diversity of opinion about them. In any case, however, his histories are always worthy of perusal, and the present volume is marked by his usual power. It extends over a most interesting period, from the invasion in 1813, to Napoleon's abdication to Elba in 1814, and furnishes us with a clear and tolerably-impartial account of the events of that time. The eighteenth and concluding volume, which will contain the history of "the hundred days," is in the press. The translation is executed with great care, and, unlike too many translations, is nearly as readable as the original.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

"Colburn's New Monthly." Edited by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. June, 1860.—This magazine maintains its usual character. Its tales are well continued, and it has many good miscellaneous articles; but it has, besides, two of a graver character, on which we are tempted to extend our remarks beyond the usual limits of a monthly notice. The first of these relates to the present state of our national defences, and the other shows us the nature of that ecclesiastical despotism from which the Reformation set us free. We shall first notice the last of these. It is on "The Protestant Church at Metz," being a review of a French work, entitled "La Persecution de l'Eglise de Metz, décrite par le Sieur Jean Olrey, accompagnée de notices et de notes par Othon Cuvier, Pasteur de cette église. Paris: Librairie A. Frank," which describes the cruelties practised under those dragonades by which Louis XIV., with the concurrence of his spiritual advisers, endeavoured to convert his Protestant subjects to the Roman Catholic faith after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Of these, the following are specimens:—"The next day the Protestants received orders to attend the Hôtel de Ville at 9 o'clock, when the intendant informed them that they should abjure their religion and become Roman Catholics, or that the dragoons should be let loose upon them and force them to obedience. Two hours only were given to them for consideration." The atrocities committed by these brutal dragoons are painful matters of history; but not only were the living exposed to these outrages, for "an edict was published to the effect

that all those who refused to take the sacrament in illness should be condemned, if they recovered, to imprisonment for life and confiscation of their goods: if they died, their bodies should be taken to the prison, whence they should be conveyed on a hurdle to the slaughter-grounds and cast amidst the offal and bones of dead animals. The first whose body was subjected to this infamous treatment was one Robin, a master shoemaker, who died at Metz; the second was an aged counsellor of the Parliament of the same city, who during his lifetime had been respected by all parties; and the third was the wife of Jean Bandesson, a merchant. The public exhibition of these dead bodies, dragged along by the executioner, their hair clotted with mud, to be cast away among garbage, excited horror, even in the minds of the Papists." We now turn to the other article which we mentioned, and which is the leading one in the present number. It is entitled "The Chances of Invasion." Now we are not alarmists, that is, false alarmists—but we think that the circumstances of the time demand that we should aim at some just medium between a foolish terror on the one hand, and a vain self-confidence on the other. The true foundation of a proper public feeling, is a knowledge of the facts, both of past history and of present events. And as the article before us furnishes us with both these, so far as they relate to the state of our defences and the danger of invasion, we shall venture to lay a few of them before our readers. It has long been questioned by those who ridicule the idea of our ever being invaded by the French, whether the first Napoleon ever seriously intended to make such an attempt. But on this point we are here presented with these testimonies: the first is from Marshal Marmont, who says in his "Memoir,"—"It has often been argued whether Bonaparte ever had the serious intention of making the expedition to England, and I reply with certainty and assurance, yes. This expedition was the most ardent desire of his life, and his dearest hope for a long period." Again, Thiers, after describing the proposed means for carrying this expedition into effect, says, "This enterprise of Napoleon was not then a chimera, was perfectly possible of realisation in the mode in which he had proposed to carry it out, and perhaps this enterprise, which had no result, did him more honour than those which had been crowned with the most startling success. It was not a feint, as some persons have imagined, who would search out profundities where none exist. Some thousands of letters of the Emperor and his Ministers leave no doubt of the fact. It was a serious undertaking pursued for several years with real earnestness." On the supposition of such an attempt being made, it has been the habit with many to say that the invaders would soon be driven back or destroyed, and that England would be but little hurt by them. But we have here the view which the late Duke of Wellington took of the certain consequences of such a struggle taking place on our own soil. It is in a letter which he addressed to the late Earl of Liverpool during the Peninsular war:—"From what I have seen of the objects of the French Government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt, if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French Government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest. Then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by God's blessing, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and the prospects of the country, and the virtues and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene; and I only hope that the King's Government will consider well what I have above stated." That the French can never effect a landing is the usual boast; but, again, let us look to facts. The Prince de Joinville wrote the following words:—"With the aid of steam navigation, a war of the most daring aggression is permitted at sea. We are certain of our movements, and free in our actions. The winds and waves need no longer give us any un-



easiness. We can calculate to the day and hour. We shall make war with safety, because we shall attack two vulnerable things—the confidence of the English people in their insular position, and their maritime resources.” And M. Hippolyte Lamarche, in his letter to MM. Thiers and Barrot, says:—“Steam has thrown hundreds of bridges across the Channel. We can now pass at any time, and in any weather, from France to England. In estimating at eighty-five thousand the number of troops that England could raise for the defence of her territory, we certainly concede more than the reality. The mass of the people would be of no use to the Government: they are absolutely unacquainted with the use of arms. A landing may be effected upon a hundred different points of the English coast, and then a skillful general will not hesitate what course to adopt—he will choose in his rear a point of concentration to recruit his troops, cover London, or march in force against the enemy. If you question the naval officers of France as to the possibility of a descent upon England in the present state of naval science, I may be allowed to say that every voice will answer in the affirmative.” That the courage of the English, especially if a few were armed as volunteers, would ensure the certain defeat of any invading army, is the confident boast of many; but let us hear what Wellington thought of this. The remark occurs in his letter to Sir J. Burgoyne:—“We hear a good deal of the spirit of the people of England, for which no man entertains a higher respect than I do. But, unorganised, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit, exposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and to the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated by such a spirit to confusion and destruction.” He said that our only hope was in an increase to the regular army, which should be supported by a well-trained militia. That, he said, would “put the country on its legs with respect to national force.” Now, with all the facts before us, it is very desirable that the Government should see that there is such a wish on the part of the people that our defences should be increased as would encourage them to act with vigour in this respect, without regard to the paltry cavils and objections on the ground of the expense which may arise from the trading part of the community, who, although now so vainly, and we may say ignorantly, self-confident, would, in the case of such an attack, be among the first and greatest sufferers. The volunteer movement, as far as it has gone, is good; but it is evident that it should be supported by other measures.

“Church of England Monthly Review.” The opening article of this month's number is on a somewhat hackneyed subject, “The Crusades.” It gives us a fair résumé of that most marvellous of all historical phenomena, and is written with considerable ability, displaying a very wide acquaintance with ancient and modern literature. The style is throughout very florid and youthful, but it indicates a power which, when a little more matured, will probably be of the first order. The paper on “Joan of Arc” is almost too short to do anything like justice to the subject; and the same complaint may be urged with still more force against the article on “Essays and Reviews.” Ten pages can scarcely contain an adequate account of such a notable volume. Perhaps the best article in the present number is that on “Religion in China”—a well-chosen subject, ably handled. The account of Buddhism, and the points in which it differs from Taoism and Confucianism, is of particular excellence, and evinces a thorough familiarity with the subject. The number concludes with a review of the “Mill on the Floss,” written in a spirit of intense appreciation of that marvellous work. The writer thoughtfully discusses the deep philosophy of life which it unfolds, and writes in a vein of genuine feeling and eloquence.

The “Art Journal.” (Virtue and Co.) In the June number of this journal we are furnished with criticisms on the Royal Academy and Water-Colour Societies; recent picture-sales are chronicled, and single paintings now exhibiting in London are duly noticed. An engraving by A. J. Aneddouche, from one of Vandyke's gorgeous portraits, will be

found in the opening page—*The Lady Digby* from the picture in the royal collection. A clever sketch of the career of William Von Kaulbach is given, and illustrated by three engravings. The mind of this great German artist enables him “to grapple with almost equal success with any of the difficulties which the emanations of the human intellect may present.” He finds equal delight in the stern and the lovely, the grand and the simple. All acquainted with art, appreciate in the highest degree *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, and the inimitable illustrations of *Regnard the Fox*. The author of the sketch has afforded a description of the frieze for the new museum at Berlin, representing the course of universal history. It runs round the building as the Elgin marbles did round the buildings of the Acropolis. The three engravings represent portions of the frieze, the principal one being *Die Saga*, or Tradition. It is grandly conceived, and, to use the author's own words, “The whole figure, the drapery, the druidical stones on which she sits, the fallen crown with which she is playing, and the urns of mouldering bones beneath her feet—all is admirably imagined, and impresses us with the very feelings such a figure should excite.” The first of a series of engravings from pictures by Turner appears in this number—*Dido building Carthage*, from the painting in the National Gallery. It is engraved with great care by E. Goodall, who has rendered the conception of the great painter most effectively, yielding all its beauties without the exact transcript of that dazzling colour, which requires a truly educated eye fully to understand and appreciate. The picture was painted in 1815, and was the last executed in the manner of Claude. Turner stipulated when he left his works to the nation, that this particular painting should be placed in juxtaposition with those of Claude. The engraving is a most valuable addition to “The Art Journal.” The engraving from the Royal Pictures is taken from *The Penny Wedding*, by Wilkie, a representation of a scene in ordinary Scottish life. It was originally entitled the *Scottish Wedding*, in which the dance called a “foursome reel” is introduced in the painter-humourist's unrivalled manner and effect. Mr. Greatback is the engraver. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall continue their agreeable “Companion Guide in South Wales,” adding, as they always do, to the excellence of the number.

“Once a Week.” May, 1860. (Bradbury and Evans.) This amusing periodical keeps up its high character. The articles on representative men are very good. Mr. Scott well analyses and vindicates the noble character and conduct of Rajah Sir James Brooke, who sacrificed himself and his fortune to the welfare and prosperity of his adopted people, his “gentleman Dyaks.” That they fully appreciated him is evident, the wife of the missionary bishop bearing witness how “deep in the hearts of the native lie love” and reverence for their rajah, Sir James Brooke. The other representative man of his age is no less an individual than Louis Napoleon, foremost of the monarch adventurers. What is it all for, is a question not easily solved. The author graphically describes the state of France, and gives an outline of the career of Louis Napoleon. His birth was royally announced as that of the King of Rome, by the salvo of guns; and his early presentation to the troops by his uncle, deeply impressed the mind of the imaginative and ambitious boy. We will not enter into his wanderings, the failure of his schemes, or the grand realisation of his “idea.” Half his conduct and his bad faith our author simply ascribes to the lack of any conscience. The other half is ascribed to the influence of a vow of the chief secret society of the day, taken while in Italy, by which he bound himself, for the forfeit of his life, to do all that might ever be in his power for the emancipation of that ill-fated land. The articles on the Great Congresses of Europe well repay perusal. The subject of Women's Work is a great question of the present day. That few doors are open to educated female labour is acknowledged, and it is a subject that we would earnestly recommend to attention.

“The Welcome Guest.” This number contains a continuation of “An Artist's Story,” and “Madame Prudence,” both of which are written with their

usual spirit. Perhaps the most remarkable paper is that on “The Belt and the Prize Ring,” by Lord William Lennox. The concluding remark is one in which most sensible persons will agree with the writer; it is to the effect, that though everybody would be very sorry to witness the substitution of the stiletto for fists, yet it is scarcely the same thing to maintain that the stiletto would come into fashion if prize-fights went out. We must call attention to the lines entitled “Life and Love,” as being extremely pretty and rhythmical. Undoubtedly the “Welcome Guest” is written with much ability, and some of the papers evince extraordinarily brilliant writing; but at the same time we believe that more care in composition is requisite if the “Welcome Guest” is to take a position worthy of the talents of many of its writers.

“Kingston's Magazine for Boys.” No 16. June (Bosworth and Harrison.) Amongst the great advantages which have arisen from serial literature is one which, if not totally lost sight of, is at least not fully appreciated. Boys and girls, they who come under the denomination of “the rising generation,” have now their own literature, and pre-eminent in the class of periodicals for the young ranks “Kingston's Magazine.” In the present number, “The Old Schoolfellow's” tale of adventure is carried on with spirit, and there are many well-written contributions on natural history, travels, and miscellaneous subjects, which will recommend this pleasant serial, not only to our young friends, but to “parents and guardians.”

“The Ladies' Treasury” is, as usual, full of really useful information on subjects interesting to the feminine mind. The engravings are almost first-rate.

## NEW BOOKS.

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MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD has the following Works in preparation:—"The Remarkable Scenes of the Bible, or the places distinguished by memorable events recorded in Scripture," by the Rev. Dr. Hughes of Clerkenwell. "Rough Types of English Life," by the late J. C. Symons, Esq. "The Curate of Inverack: a Clerical Autobiography," by Bracebridge Heming.

MR. J. EWING RITCHIE, the author of "The Night-side of London," "The London Pulpit," and many other popular works descriptive of London life, has, we hear, in the press a new work, in which, if report speaks truly, he discourses pleasantly and genially on some of the most peculiar traits and popular topics of London life and character. The work is to be called "Town Talk," and will be published during the present month by Mr. William Tinsley, of the Strand.

MIRIAM MAY.—We believe that few works of modern fiction have created such a sensation in literary circles as this romance of real life. The second edition, we understand, cannot meet the supply, and a third is already advertised. "Miriam May" is believed to be from the pen of the son of one of the most remarkable men of the age; but beyond this, there are said to be scenes of clerical life, where we are made familiar with Whig bishop-making, and brilliant scenes in political circles, which do something to betray the position of the writer. It is a romance of real life, and the struggles of Miriam May, from the workhouse door to the Court of St. James's, are likely to be the talk of the season.

THE BUST OF SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, executed by Marochetti, and subscribed for by the medical officers of the navy, was placed in Haslar Museum on Tuesday last, in acknowledgement of the great service rendered to the medical department of the service during the administration of the right hon. baronet as First Lord of the Admiralty. There were nearly 100 persons present, including Captain Superintendent the Hon. Geo. Hastings, the Baron Marochetti, and the deputation, consisting of Dr. Nelson, R.N., Dr. Rees, Deputy Inspector-General, Dr. Beith, R.N., Dr. Dobie, and Dr. McWilliam. The bust, which is a beautiful work of art, and a most faithful representation of Sir John Pakington, was much admired by all present. It stands upon a pedestal of red granite, upon which there is an appropriate inscription.

## THE WEEK.

Those who adopt a theory in much favour on the Continent, but also thought probable by many weather-wise men in this country, namely, that seasons recur bad and good according to fixed cycles, see much to alarm them in the type of atmospherical conditions now prevalent for many months. With October last began a series of variable and tempestuous weeks, and even now towards the middle of June the chilling temperature only gives way a few hours now and then to the influence of the sun. The "Times" records the vast amount of wrecks that have occurred since last summer, and even Whit-Monday is memorable for the disasters which happened amongst our shipping. The theory of recurring seasons is this: that if for six or eight years we have remarkably good and early seasons, we are likely to have a similar long continuance of an opposite kind. Those who may be able to recall the years from 1836 to 1846, will remember that that decennial period was ushered in by a winter of unusual length and severity—when "winter lingered in the lap of May;" and till the culminating year of the Irish famine, which doomed the corn-laws, scarcely one favourable and early harvest occurred to interrupt the calamities to which the agricultural interest especially was subject. These ten years were a gloomy time; the revenue reflected the stop which seemed to be put for a time to an advance in national wealth. After 1846, a favourable change in all respects occurred, which has not since been materially interrupted; but there may be reason to fear that after unusual dryness for two seasons, which has been felt more especially in the condition of the river, it will be changed into unusual wetness, the consequence of which will be an extraordinary state of temperature, as marked by the thermometer, below the average, probably, for some years to come. Neither agriculturist, nor social economist, nor financial politician, can wholly neglect these considerations. At present the seasons fight against French wines and cooling fruits, and as we meet the morning air, continuously damp and chill, we pity those few over-sprightly persons of the gentle sex, who, carried away by the cheapness of French silks and artificial flowers, have laid in their stock for the season, and attempt to sport them in what ought to be June weather, but would not be remarkably warm and genial even in the middle of April. We recollect perusing lately some remarks of a lively writer, to the effect that the Anglo-Saxon energy and fortitude of character depended much on the nature of their seasons: that a constant recurrence of two genial seasons would debase our national spirit to the continental love of ease, luxury, and frivolity. It may be that Providence, with the wisest purposes for our highest interests, is counteracting our natural inclinations by placing before us the prospect of difficulties; and, while not needlessly superstitious or carried away by speculative theories as to the weather, it is well that those whose interests and trade more especially depend on a genial temperature, should not wholly omit such calculations.

We hear from abroad that a similar type of weather has prevailed in Naples and Sicily. Not only the moral and political horizon, but also the natural one, has been overcast and troubled. Amid the din of cannon and hostile movements, we read that fogs and rains have contributed—along with the lying bulletins of the Neapolitan telegraph—to obscure the truth and mislead the public as to what really happens. The storms in the south of Italy have been necessary to clear the political atmosphere, just as natural electricity acts, more especially under abnormal conditions.

The prevalence of storms and disasters at sea is causing increased attention to be paid to means for their prevention. We hail with pleasure the additional life-boats being placed along our coasts; and the barometer found now so generally in villages of not more than a few hundred inhabitants, will afford valuable assistance in foreseeing and making ready for stormy weather. We hope, too, that at no very distant period a large number of harbours of refuge will diminish the perils of the deep.

## THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

While such has generally, for the last three weeks

we may say, been the type of our weather, the members of the histrionic profession, and those who patronise them, were fortunate, after a wet morning on Friday of last week, in obtaining for their meeting a few fine hours of sunshine to inaugurate their *fête* in the bracing air of Woking Common. We noticed the actual commencement of their excellent institution a few weeks ago, and then took occasion to call our readers' attention to its purposes and object. Last week, the occasion of laying the foundation-stone, as it is termed—ignoring, we presume from respect to rank, the previous ceremony—was graced with a large assembly of England's brightest and fairest, and with the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Prince Albert has the happy art on such occasions of saying what is best suited to the circumstances. His arrows, in this respect, go straight to the mark. His remarks went pretty plainly to discountenance the views of such straight-laced folk as, on the ground of morality, would disparage or discountenance the stage. We have even heard a miserable bigot here and there lament, in cant phrases, her Majesty patronising the theatres so much. Prince Albert admitted "that we are reasonably accustomed to look to the profession for amusement in the hours that all must and ought to give to recreation. That while the theatre afforded means of combining instruction and mental improvement with recreation, every well-regulated mind must see that elevating the character of the dramatic performer, who, while giving life and reality to the conceptions of the poet or dramatist, inculcates high moral lessons, and interests our sympathies in the love of virtue and detestation of vice, afforded the best means of seeing our wishes for the improvement of all classes in virtue realised." To promote such object is the intention of this College—to secure, in case of adverse circumstances in the decline of age, a refuge for the virtuous and deserving actor. As such, we need scarcely say "All hail" to it! and, with the distinguished men who attended at the banquet which succeeded, we sympathise with those who have raised a college for the actor, reciprocating a benefit which Alleyn, an actor, had done with his earnings for the public, in founding Dulwich College, which was alluded to with tears of regret that when that foundation was remodelled some years ago, no place could be found for the actor in what had arisen from successful exercise of histrionic talent.

Probably those who went down in hopes of seeing the "old English sports and pastimes" exemplified were not fully gratified. Though Morris-dances and others formed a portion of the entertainments, "Aunt Sally" engrossed most of the public interest. The fun of Buckstone and Bedford was exhibited in the "rival touting" to gain custom for their respective figure-heads, though the stock of "St. Domingo Billies," which the uninitiated may not know to be *knives*, was brought low by some experienced practisers at that aristocratic game.

Many of our best-known actresses—Mrs. Leigh Murray, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Bufton, and Miss Sedgwick, among others—contributed to enliven the scene, presiding at the "Fancy Fair," at which autographs and photographs of distinguished writers and actors were in request. We have not heard stated the sum realised, but we trust that it was gratifying to those who set on foot this praiseworthy institution.

Some other *fête* days, when associations of learning and amusement were united, have been held throughout the week. The Eton Speech-day was celebrated amid damping weather, so far as the many out-door athletic exhibitions on the river add to its charms; the Pauline commemoration, i.e., Speech-day at St. Paul's school, held on Wednesday, was not so dependent on out-door sunshine.

At the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, a novel and interesting spectacle was afforded. St. Paul's being now under repair, the voices of 4,000 charity children were heard for the first time in the ample space which the Crystal Palace gives for musical performances. The public present, to the number of 20,000, were amply gratified; and though the sky detained the children from one part of their anticipated amusement—roaming through the



grounds—within doors were sufficient resources to engage their interest and supply recreation.

#### RIFLE MOVEMENT.

Though perhaps one-third out of the large body who proposed to meet in the open air last Saturday, under the direction of Lord Ranelagh, did not assemble, still a meeting of 2,000, under such circumstances, proved that with these troops, like the regular army at Waterloo and Inkermann, our national characteristic prevails, so puzzling to our enemies, that Englishmen "know not when they are beat."

In the afternoon, a meeting was also held under the presidency of Mr. Sidney Herbert, to promote contributions for the grand shooting contest to take place in a few weeks. Mr. S. Herbert contributes 1,000 rifles to be used on that occasion, and encouraged the hearts of our countrymen by reading an utterance of that spirited "Nestor" of the House of Peers, Lord Lyndhurst, who knows not, when duty calls him, how to be beaten even by age and infirmity. The pith of his letter was, that foreign nations had read and marked the spirit of 120,000 freemen, who "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." Lord Elcho appealed for aid for the necessary sinews, stating that in the cantonal "Tirs" of Switzerland, sums equal to that of our National Exhibition were often given in prizes; while at the grand Tir Federal £10,000 were spent. We dare say, even though £6,000 may not be raised by shilling contributions from every enrolled rifleman, that the increasing national wish to combine manly sport in this way with national defence, will not desert that energetic Nobleman in his patriotic views.

The volunteer spirit is likely also to give an impulse to what in itself is a desirable object, namely, the Saturday half-holiday. A meeting was held on Wednesday, attended by Lord Shaftesbury and many other distinguished persons, to combine the two desirable movements. The experience of the advantages, even to those who at the time feared loss from the limitation by the Ten Hours Bill of the hours of labour, have fortunately, as admitted by such opponents of that measure at the time as Sir James Graham and Mr. Roebuck, not been realised. Proof is every day given that a reasonable time spent, not only in mental improvement generally, but in recreation, makes the working hours of all but the lowest class more valuable; and the progress of the weekly half-holiday will mark an advance in civilisation.

#### CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

Such an attack as might be expected, but which is only made to be repelled, and advance the views here repeatedly advocated, of extending the test of competition for government appointments, was made by one or two of the "old school" in the House of Commons on Tuesday night. It was sufficient to call forth the ability of Mr. Gladstone, Sir S. Northcote, and Lord Stanley, to defend the system of obtaining the best men for the best place. We shall have to recur to the matter when the whole subject is elucidated, as it will shortly be in the report of the committee with reference to its extension. Those who peruse the examination papers, in setting which the highest talent of the country is engaged, will see how very futile the objections raised to the character of the questions were. We think the more publicity is given to the system, the more favour it will find with an intelligent public; and minor points, such as re-arranging subjects on which ability is to be tested, a detailing in papers the relative marks for each question, had better be settled by men who conduct the examinations, in whom all who know them have full confidence, or by a committee of experts, rather than by so mixed a body as the House of Commons.

#### RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

In the debate alluded to, it was asked—Why not apply the system to the Treasury Bench, and pick out the men of best literary attainments? This question has often been seriously asked as to bishops, with regard to whom critical and classical knowledge certainly ought to be taken into account. But from the class of men from whom high officers are chosen, mere literary scholarship is not to be compared with the qualities which every one in general before the public for a few years may exhibit; and even if literature was to be tested for qualification,

neither Gladstone and Lewis on the one side, nor Carnarvon and Stanley on the other, need fear being displaced by competitive examination in a fair field with others of their respective parties.

In some instances, Lord Palmerston is not disinclined to recognise literary merit. Mr. Helps would have done better than Mr. Kingsley, probably, as History Professor at Cambridge; but to Mr. Helps's undoubted literary and historic fame, was superadded his claim as professing candidship in Lord Palmerston's interest last year for Cambridge University. We believe Mr. Kingsley's chair was declined by Mr. Helps: the clerkship of the Privy Council he has now obtained, is, in a pecuniary point of view, worth double, and we congratulate the public on an appointment which is so unobjectionable.

Perhaps little fault can be found as to the selection of the Hon. and Rev. S. Waldegrave for the bishopric of Carlisle. A good parish clergyman, a Bampton lecturer, a double first-class man, and of moderate views on Church matters, cannot be complained of. The appointment on the whole looks well. But we cannot say the same as regards the Hon. and Rev. Douglas Gordon, who is, it appears, to succeed to the vacant canonry at Salisbury. A better choice was quite possible. If Lord Palmerston wishes to encourage literary merit combined with other qualifications, there are many eminent clergymen whose claims ought to have been acknowledged.

Two colonelcies of regiments are again vacant, and the patronage of the Horse Guards will be again on its trial.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OXFORD, JUNE 7.

THOSE among your readers who have read Sir Emerson Tennent's "Ceylon," may remember that among the graphic descriptions of the villainous animals which abound in that favoured region—why is it that the fairest parts of the earth's surface are so singularly provided with these physiological abominations?—there are designated two equally objectionable creatures, which severally affect the settler in purse and person. The one is a sort of blight *uredo* or *toredo*, I hardly know which, but I believe the former is a plant, and the latter is a worm that often dashes the sanguine hopes of the coffee-planters; and the latter is a sort of *formica*, of most outrageous venom and singular ferocity.

However, these myrmidons have their uses. They eat the blight, and so the coffee-planters introduce them into their diggings. And if one could avoid the inconvenience of an occasional shower of the creatures, we should have, say the *savans*, coffee even cheaper.

These are some of the advantages which the study of natural history affords. We pass through the process of suffering, then that of knowledge, and then to the practical results of national wealth. And now for the immediate bearing of these observations.

Oxford has, in her older days, taken to physical science. We had for some time a few fragments in the Ashmolean. There were some very mangy stuffed quadrupeds, shabby-looking birds, a mummy or two, Guy Fawkes's lantern, Bradshaw's hat, King Alfred's jewel, some bottled snakes, a few birds' eggs, and the usual paraphernalia of an old womanish science of nature tied up to an old manish education. But matters are changed. New lights have broken in upon us. We are "starring it" among the physical sciences. Buckland heaped up geological phenomena, and succeeding energies have enlarged the results of his toils. So the good, gentle Strickland, the kindest philosopher of his day, helped his work and others' too. Everybody loved Strickland, and he deserved it, as men do deserve love who get it from all. Lastly, but not least in the series, come the benefactions of Mr. Hope, who has bestowed vast insectarian treasures on his University. They

are to go into the building which we are told Mr. Ruskin calls beautiful; and which I, if I dared, would call hideous, for reasons which you and your readers would, I presume, think conclusive. But I have no mind to give an architectural argument here.

Mr. Hope's benefaction is to be followed, we are told, by a further benefaction for the foundation of a professorship of black flies, blue flies, yellow flies, and all the other arrangements of an entomological science. In anticipation, the University has given an unlimited order for "catch-em-alive-o's," and the area of the new museum is to be furnished with a microscopic revolving case of all the vermin which threaten, and all the "O-no-we-never-mention-them" personalities which society suffers and denounces. They have voted, to descend to statistics, cases to the amount of £500 for these nameless things.

The masons—I don't mean the mason bees, but the mystics of the triangle and compasses—intend to be over-and-above grand this year. Two balls and a *fête*. Hiram, Prince of Tyre, so they say, was the founder of the earliest lodge. With a similar veracity, we are told invitations have been issued to Henry Pimperel and old John Naps of Greece. It is to be hoped they will come. At any rate, they have not refused the invitation. Our lodge is quite a late one. Apollo was its "eponym." You may remember the *mons biceps*. Well, the development of the biceps is a grand feature in the masons.

All the boys in the county who are competing for the certificate and title of the Oxford scheme, began work on Tuesday last, and will go on with it till Wednesday next. As the Cambridge folks will not give any recognition of the merits of these young gentlemen beyond the bare certificate, it is understood that there will be little harmony between the Universities, and that the arrangements supposed to be entered into between the two boards, the delegates here and the syndicate there, will be broken up.

I see that your Cambridge friends are rather amazed at Mr. Kingsley being made Professor of Modern History. We are used to call that gentleman "Froude's leavings." I should like to hear his theories upon any given point in modern history. On the whole, this University was rather disappointed when it heard of Kingsley's nomination, that it was not at the same time announced that Mister Thomas Sayers had declined the appointment. He is the true apostle of the muscular theory, even when the romance of past and present is fortified by the enchantment of mediæval black-guardism.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 7.

The ordinary B.A. degree examination ended last week, and on Friday, next week, the state of suspense will end, and there will be, I suppose, the ordinary amount of weeping and wailing. At the late "little-go" examination, there was a small storm, which does not appear even yet to have quite died out, touching the arithmetic papers, which some persons contended to be quite out of character with the requirements of a preliminary examination. This is a point, indeed, upon which there has been a good deal of flying warfare for years, and one of your contemporaries has lost no opportunity of sneering at the schoolboy character of the arithmetical knowledge required from students at the University of Cambridge. According to present regulations, the only arithmetic necessary for a degree in arts is what the "little-go" examination provides for, and this consideration probably influenced the examiners to make it a little less dependent upon "the rule of the thumb" than it had usually been. But that the "little-go" papers deserved condemnation as being too hard, is a view which is now exploded. It would be no bad thing if the algebra papers in the degree examination taxed the powers of the candidates a little more. A marked change in the Euclid papers will be observed by those who went into the Senate House ten or fifteen years ago: there is something now to exercise the reasoning powers, as well as the memory. When the same principle is carried a little farther, it will be all the better.

The closest college in the University, as every-

body knows, is King's. It is supplied exclusively from Eton. Every scholar comes in regular succession from that foundation of King Henry VI., and every scholar proceeds in regular succession to the higher honour and emolument of a fellowship. All this is going to be thoroughly changed. Amid all the changes accomplished, or about to be accomplished, in this University, none is so decided as that which impends at King's. Its 46 fellowships, I understand, will be thrown open, without any restriction whatever, but its connection with Eton will not be completely severed. One-half of its scholarships will still be restricted to members of that college; the other half being, like the fellowships, thrown quite open. This amounts to a revolution. One of its effects will be, that the number of undergraduate members of the college will be increased, and more accommodation will be required for them. New buildings are therefore talked of, and it is supposed that Wilkins's screen will fall before the demon of modern necessity. Like many more of Wilkins's productions, it is not loved enough to be very much deplored, should a fall await it. Trinity College has heretofore had almost a preponderant voice in the choice of the Regius Professors of Divinity, Hebrew, and Greek. The electors were the Vice-Chancellor, the Master and two Senior Fellows of Trinity, the Provost of King's, and the Masters of St. John's and Christ's. For the last century and a half (passing over the present professor), there has been only one Professor of Hebrew (Dr. Lee, of Owen's), and only one Professor of Greek (Mr. Cooke, of King's), who was not a member of Trinity. Henceforth the Regius Professors, as above, will be chosen by the Council of the Senate. A statute which embodies that regulation in its first clause was sanctioned by the Queen in Council on the 10th of May, and has been promulgated in the University. The principal features of the new statute are, that it enforces residence for twenty weeks during term time in each year, provides for the regulation of the subjects and order of lectures by boards of studies regulates the appointment and payment of deputies in case of illness, &c., and authorises the Vice-Chancellor and the *sex viri* to admonish or deprive a professor for neglect or immorality, and also to require subscription to the three articles of the 36th canon in the form prescribed for degrees in divinity. These three professorships were in some measure attached to Trinity College, by King Henry VIII., at its foundation: they were made payable out of its revenues, and had chambers and other contingent advantages. It was natural enough, therefore, that Trinity College should have considerable influence in the elections, as well as a regulating power in regard to the duties to be discharged; but the circumstances of the professorships have been very materially changed: instead of being supported out of the revenues of Trinity College, they are largely endowed out of the revenues of the Church, one of them by a valuable living, the other two by canonries at Ely; wherefore there is no injustice, so far as Trinity College is affected, in transferring the power of election to other hands.

We are really becoming quite a military people here at Cambridge. Our talk is all of rifles and implements of war. You run against a uniform at every turn. And then the military music charms all the ladies. Two or three times a-week the brass band of the University Corps plays in the grounds of some college in the evening, and collects crowds of listeners, and every now and then you hear upon Parker's Place or elsewhere the "ear-splitting fife" and rattling drum of the infantine heroes in dark-green and white, who inspire the gentlemen of the Town Corps. A complete change has come over us, and for a time sword threatens almost to eclipse gun.

Another step has been taken in the matter of St. Mary's Church. The subject has been before the Council of the Senate, who recommend the appointment of a syndicate to obtain the consent of persons interested in the proposed changes, and to ascertain the probable cost, according to plans to be submitted by them to the Senate. At a congregation to-day the syndicate was appointed as follows:—The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Catherine, the Master of Jesus, the Public Orator, Professor Willis, Professor

Browne, Mr. Regner, Mr. Fuller, Mr. Emery, Mr. Long, Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Brocklebank. As they are not to report until the end of the Lent Term, 1861, the work will still be delayed.

#### THE BODEN SANSKRIT PROFESSORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—In noticing the vacancy created by the death of Professor Wilson, as Boden Professor of Sanskrit, you omit the name of Dr. Ballantyne as one of the competitors. Accompanying this note is a copy of Dr. Ballantyne's "Christianity Contrasted with Hindu Philosophy." A glance at this work will suffice to show who ought to be the Boden Professor. Dr. Ballantyne has been for fourteen years the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Principal of the Sanskrit College at Benares, the very hotbed of Hindu philosophy. I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ballantyne is now the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world; the present competitors are not to be compared to him for one moment. Please to refer to the list of books published by him at Benares, at the end of the volume. One can hardly imagine how he could have got through the work.

I am, sir, your obedient servant.

J. MADDEN.

3, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.,  
June 2nd, 1860.

[The work of Dr. Ballantyne, alluded to by our correspondent, will be noticed next week.]

#### MUSIC.

##### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performance of the "Huguenots" at this house, on Tuesday evening, attracted one of the best audiences of the season. The cast was as follows:—Valentina, Madame Grisi; Margareta di Valois, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; Urbano, Madlle. Didiée; Marcella, M. Zelger; St. Bris, M. Faure; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Tagliafico; and Raoul, Signor Mario. Rarely have we heard Madame Grisi sing with more energy than on this occasion. Although so soon to retire from among us, the *physique* which she displayed in her rendering of the declamatory parts, and in her execution of the florid passages, was such as to demonstrate that an earlier retirement was not necessitated by any decline in her powers. In the great duet, "Nella Notte," with Raoul in the third act, and in the finale to the first act, Madame Grisi was equally grand, the C in alt being touched with surprising correctness, and the run down to P in the first air executed with all the fluency of a young aspirant for lyrie honours. Signor Mario is always at home in the part of Raoul, and never did he acquit himself more artistically than on Tuesday evening, either in a dramatic or vocal point of view. His "Piu bianca" was given with exquisite beauty of tone and refined taste. Indeed, so excellent was his singing that the audience were fairly moved to enthusiasm, more especially in the wondrous duet with Valentina, which of all passages in the opera most taxes the vocal and dramatic powers of the two leading characters. Madame Miolan was highly successful in the part of Margareta, taking the higher notes of the score with great intrepidity and correctness. M. Faure continues to gain the suffrages of the *habitués* of this house, if he always acts as he did in the part allotted to him for this representation, he stands fair to become our leading barytone. He should, however, take care not to allow the energy of his acting to affect the quality of his tones. We must not omit to make honourable mention of Madame Didiée, who well understands and enters into the character of Urbano. The band was as usual superb, and the choruses faultless. The management of the other house would do well to take example from Mr. Gye in these particulars.

##### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance of "Elijah" by the members of this society, which took place at Exeter Hall last week, was one of the best of the season. Judging from the enormous crowd within the building, and the demand for places during the day, the directors would do well to give another performance of the same work, which appears to be the most popular of Mendelssohn's sacred compositions. Perhaps the maestro's masterpiece was never more effectively

given than on this occasion, for there was a care and precision in the execution of the choruses which we have rarely if ever seen equalled. That entitled "Help, Lord!" to the final "Amen" was particularly fine, the performers entering fully into the spirit of the score, and by a praiseworthy attention to modulation—a requisite of the highest importance in the interpretation of sacred music—giving the whole scene an almost dramatic reality. The excellence of the choir was not only conspicuous in the above, but also in "Thanks be to God," and "Be not afraid;" their rendering of "Blessed are the Men" was, however, the most refined specimen of choral vocalisation of the evening, with the exception of "Woe to him, he shall perish," in the scene in which the Queen of Ahab stirs up the people against the Prophet, when the gradations of voice, and equality of tone, so cared for in the choir of this society, enabled it to achieve a musical triumph of the highest kind. On a future occasion it would be well if the chorus, "He watches over Israel," were taken somewhat slower, as much of its effect was lost by an inattention to the *tempo* of the composer.

Miss Parepa, to whom was entrusted the solo-soprano parts, acquitted herself in a manner which proves that she has carefully studied them. If she is not yet mistress of some passages, it is no fault of hers; as her performance gave evidence of future excellence, all she can do is to persevere in overcoming the difficulties which are inherent in Mendelssohn's music, and we doubt not, with her talent, she will soon place herself beyond criticism. Her "Hear ye, Israel," was scientifically sung, but the "Sanctus" was too boisterous and deficient in delicacy. Madame Sainton Dolby well sustained her place as first among our oratorio singers. Her declamation of the recitatives of Jezebel was forcible and dramatic; but her delivery of "O rest in the Lord," was not equal to some of her former achievements on the same platform—it wanted steadiness and evinced too much effort. Miss Palmer, to whom some portion of the contralto music was allotted, sang "Woe to them" with marked finish and good taste; a little more pathos would have rendered it more telling upon the audience. Mr. Sims Reeves, in the tenor recitatives and airs, fairly surpassed himself. We never heard from him a finer specimen of vocal declamation than that which he gave in the recitative, "Ye people, rend your hearts and not your garments," which forms the introduction to the air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me." The execution of this was noteworthy from its strict adherence to the text, and for an absence of all interpolation—a feature, indeed, in Mr. Reeve's singing that others would do well to imitate. Mr. Stanley proved himself, in the difficult part of Elijah, ready to cope with the difficulties of his art. If he did not wholly succeed in doing justice to it, he must console himself by a reference to his predecessors, who have all more or less failed in realising Mendelssohn's *beau idéal*. His finest vocalisation was in the airs which did not necessitate any outburst of passion to make them effective. Hence he was more successful in "It is enough, O Lord! now take away my life," than in "Is not His word like a fire," which lacked energy. With all points considered, this performance of "Elijah" was one of the finest that has been heard in London for many years. The directors will be fully justified in announcing its repetition for the 29th, which, we believe, they have some intention of doing.

##### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

A fourth concert was given at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, by command of the Queen, who in selecting the works in the following programme, insured one of the most *riche* musical treats of the season, for the audience who were present on the occasion:—

PART I.	
Sinfonia in A (Italian) . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Ah, mon fils," Madlle. Artôt (Le Prophète) . . . . .	Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" . . . . .	Weber.
PART II.	
Sinfonia, "Eroica" . . . . .	Beethoven.
Recit. and Aria, "Deh vieni, non tradar," Madlle. Artôt (Figaro) . . . . .	Mozart.
Overture, "Ray Blas" . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.	

Upon the entry of her Majesty, accompanied by



his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, his Majesty the King of the Belgians, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena, with their respective suites, Professor Bennett waved his baton, and the band executed the National Anthem. Precedent having thus been conformed to, the Sinfonia in A (Italian) was given with faultless taste. Rarely has this masterly composition met with greater justice from instrumentalists than it did on this occasion. Each movement was played with a marked observance of the *tempi* indicated and a praiseworthy attention to modulation. At the conclusion of the "Presto," the audience fairly banished the idea of royalty, and burst forth in rapturous applause. If the execution of the first symphony was of unqualified excellence, equally so was that of Beethoven's "Eroica." It was curious to remark the styles of the respective composers as shown in these two works, but from the proficiency with which both were interpreted, it would have been difficult on this occasion to have awarded the palm to either. The allegro movement was decidedly "troppo allegro," but this pardonable defect was amply compensated for by the more than ordinary brilliancy with which the "scherzo" was played. The slow movement entitled "Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un Eroe" was beautifully pathetic. Of the overtures we cannot speak so enthusiastically. Excellent as was their treatment by the Philharmonic band, it was inferior in many respects to that of the symphonies. But it is not possible for orchestras to attain perfection in everything. As it was, the playing of the latter compositions was sufficient in itself to sustain the society's well-earned musical reputation. The two airs sung by Madlle. Artôt, in thoroughly artistic style, were pleasing variations to the programme, and elicited hearty applause from the audience.

## MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.

This talented master and composer gave his annual morning concert on Monday last, at the Hanover Square Rooms. From his well-known taste, and from the fact that he generally avails himself of such occasions to bring before the public some original compositions of his own, a highly intellectual treat was justly anticipated by the music-loving audience who thronged the room. The artists engaged for the occasion numbered among them the most proficient of the day, and nothing was left undone to secure his patrons an entertainment of the first class. The *pièce de résistance* was Mr. Aguilar's new sextet for pianoforte, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, which, when played by such musicians as the composer himself, assisted by Messrs. Pratten, Nicholson, Lazarus, Harper, and Hauser, was almost secure of achieving a success. The work is in B flat, and well worthy of study. Each of the three movements which it comprises possesses beauties that discover how diligently the writer has striven to come up to the classic models of the old *maestri*; the last, the *vivace*—was the most vigorous in style, although we should be inclined to give the preference for refinement and delicate melody to the "Andante Sostenuto," which, while original in expression, was devoid of mannerism. Mr. Pratten's tasteful flute accompaniment told well with the other instruments, and went far to give a just idea of Mr. Aguilar's meritorious work. The execution of the opening trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, written by that gentleman, is equally entitled to praise; the *adagio* movement was, however, by far the most beautiful portion of it, and perhaps the best played. With an abundance of instrumental talent, there was no lack of vocalists. Miss Lindo, who gives evidences of future success, sang Stradella's air "Pieta Signor." Her high tones were clear and distinct, but she will do well to avoid works that require the employment of the lower ones, as in her case they are deficient in power. Signor Belletti almost sings like a true Italian, with feeling and deep expression. His "Hai già vinta la causa" from the "Nozze di Figaro" was a fine specimen of florid vocalisation; he also sang a composition by Mr. Aguilar, entitled "Reiter lied," which deservedly gained him an encore. Miss Parepa, as usual, astonished her hearers by the extent of her *répertoire*. In the air "Qui la voce" from "Puritani," she was

particularly fluent; not so, however, in Alari's polka from "Le Tre Nozze" which requires more delicate treatment than she gave it, to make it acceptable. We have now noticed the most noteworthy points of this agreeable *réunion*, but we will not take leave of it without a word of commendation on the playing of the brothers Holmes on the violoncello and violin. Their execution of Spohr's concertante duet in A minor was both highly finished and correct. Mr. Frank Mori conducted with his usual ability.

## MR. CUSINS'S CONCERT.

The most unfavourable feature about the concert given by Mr. Cusins, in Willis's Rooms, last week, was the extreme length of the programme. In his desire to provide ample musical entertainment for his friends and patrons, he overdid it, and somewhat fatigued them before it was concluded. The fault, however, is a very pardonable one, and easy of rectification on a future occasion. While calling attention to this defect, it must not be supposed that the selections in the programme were not tasteful, nor that the executants engaged were not of the first talent. No fault can be found with the *beneficitaire* in either respect. Instrumental music was a great feature in the concert. The first part opened with Mozart's Sonata in A (Op. 8, No. 1), for pianoforte and violin, played by Messrs. Cusins and Blagrove. The *andante* was well taken by the former gentleman, but Mr. Blagrove did not maintain his old reputation. His tones were poor, and his playing devoid of expression—probably owing to the state of the weather, which was peculiarly unfavourable to stringed instruments. Mr. Cusins's pianoforte solo, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (No. 3) was a fine example of correct execution, but went rather heavily. It would have been as well if the pianoforte solos had stopped here, and that from Chopin's works, numbered 27 and 53, at the end of the second part, omitted: so many of these heavy compositions become wearisome. The greatest vocal triumphs of the concert were decidedly gained by the Orpheus Glee Union. Horsley's "Sweet is evening's tranquil time" was well sung; the tenor was, however, frequently out of tune. In the "Daybreak," by Mr. Cusins, sung for the first time, and in "As the sunshine to the shower," both partsongs, they elicited an enthusiastic *encore*. Madame Rieder, who, by-the-bye, appears to be gaining golden opinions on all sides, charmed the audience by her admirable rendering of Auber's difficult air, "Nina jolite et sage;" less *fioriture* than she generally employs would be an improvement. Madame Sainton-Dolby disappointed us in Hattori's song, "It was fifty years ago;" the performance was altogether coarse. Miss Lascelles and Miss Messent sang two very pretty airs effectively—the former a romance, by Mr. Cusins. M. Jules Lefort always returns among us, as the seasons come round, with a fresh *répertoire*, selected from the light compositions of the French masters. On this occasion he gave Adam's cantique, "Noël," most gracefully, and also shared the applause bestowed upon Madame Rieder in the duet "Au clair de la Lune," from "Les Voitures Versées," by Boildieu. To conclude, Mr. J. Thomas played "Il Mandolino," on the harp, in a manner that places him above criticism.

## THE DRAMA.

## THE PRINCESS'S.

Mr. Phelps continues to draw good houses here, and appears as determined to gain the good opinions of the west-end as he was to render Sadler's Wells worthy of the patronage of intellectual Islingtonians. His acting in "Hamlet" may be pronounced the most legitimate success which he has achieved since he joined Mr. Harris's company, but it would be to traverse old ground were we now to enter into an elaborate criticism of it. So long as Mr. Phelps acts, so long will it be a point of dispute among playgoers and critics whether his interpretation of Shakspeare's masterpiece comes up to the ideal which the poet had in view when penning it. In our estimation, Mr. Phelps does not enter sufficiently into the deep philosophy which pervades every action, every speech of Hamlet. The actor may be sombre and melancholic, exhibit the struggle

between filial obedience and love for Polonius's daughter, and yet not succeed in penetrating to the philosophic stratum in the character which, after all, is its very basis. Mr. Phelps's idea is good, but it is not sufficiently carried out. This is more especially evident in his reading of the soliloquy on immortality, wherein the poet allows Hamlet to give expression to the struggle which is taking place within his breast between belief and scepticism. The action and the style of Mr. Phelps's acting, although fully in keeping with stage tradition, are not sufficiently demonstrative of the mental state in which the ghost-pursued Prince is supposed to have uttered the words "To be or not to be." With an absence of appreciation of the philosophy of Hamlet's character, as the most prominent, we may say only, defect in this actor's impersonation, we must proceed to bestow unqualified praise on his interpretation of it considered as a whole. Every line of the text was delivered with a well-judged modulation, which proclaimed at once to the most inexperienced how carefully the part had been studied. Such acting as Mr. Phelps in this arduous part, if it fails to amuse a frivolous audience, will always succeed in eliciting the admiration of the intelligent and discriminating. He was well supported by the members of the company which Mr. Harris has gathered together, and found in Miss Heath an Ophelia whose talent rightly gives promise of future excellence. That lady would, however, do well to throw a little more passion into her acting: this is her *desideratum*, surely it is easy of correction.

The melodrama "Pauline" has been revived with marked approbation. Mrs. C. Kean, the original Pauline, finds but a weak successor under the present management. "Richelieu" was reproduced for the first time any twelve years on Thursday evening; we reserve our remarks on the performance until next week.

## ST. JAMES'S.

Monsieur Talery's enterprise and perseverance in establishing the French drama in London appears likely to be crowned with success, if his theatre fills nightly as it has done since he opened its doors to the public. The sterling merits in the pieces he has produced, and in the actors to whom he has entrusted the principal parts, will not a little account for this happy commencement of his speculation. No piece which he has yet brought out has created a more lively interest than Octave Feuillet's comedy, "La Tentation," in which M. Brindeau and Paul Devaux, with Madlle. Duverger, sustained the leading characters. The plot, which is extended over five acts, is simple in its construction, but gains its interest from the masterly manner in which it has been treated by M. Feuillet. M. and Madame de Vardes are an unhappy couple, owing, in a great measure to what our neighbours would term an incompatibility of temper; while she is of a melancholy turn, he, on the contrary, is gay and given to the pleasures of society. After eighteen years of married life, a rupture between them is imminent. Madame de Vardes, neglected by her husband, mourns her miserable lot, unmoved by the genial influence of her daughter Helene, then of marriageable age. At this crisis a relative of the family, Achille de Kerouare, uses his best efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the estranged pair; but without result, in consequence principally of the indifference of M. de Vardes. It happens at this period of the plot that Madame Dumesnil, an English lady, arrives at the chateau, on a visit with her husband, and, with consummate art and affected modesty, initiates an intrigue with M. de Vardes, who is not indifferent to the charms of the quiet-looking Englishwoman. It is here that the author has invented the situation which gives a name to his comedy. Madame de Vardes soon discovers the intrigues that are being carried on by her husband and her fair guest, and offers to a certain M. Trevelyan, an *attaché* who visits the family, a fair prospect of conquest. He avows to her his passion, and is not altogether rejected, but is required to leave the house and return to Paris on the morrow as a test of his sincerity. Thus rid of a temptation, she prepares to become reconciled to her husband, when fresh evidences of the intrigues he is carrying on with Madame Du-

mesnil come to her knowledge. Again the temptation returns in the shape of Trevelyan, who before his departure had come to bid her adieu. The conversation which ensues between them is overheard by M. de Vardes, who, with all the feelings of an injured husband, challenges the young man to a duel, which is of course accepted. In the interval between the discovery and the combat conscience pricks him; the very infidelity which he had condemned in his wife, he himself was guilty of with Madame Dumesnil; he meets his adversary, but not, if possible, to kill him, and although wounded he does not return his fire. This event makes M. de Vardes a wiser and a better man. A reconciliation is brought about with Madame by the indefatigable peace-maker, Achilles, who, to crown his own and the happiness of all, marries Helene.

It will be seen with these materials that a clever dramatist might create a work abounding in pathetic passages. This M. Feuillet has done with undoubted success. He is fortunate in securing such interpreters for it as MM. Brindeau and Devaux. The former, as M. de Vardes, is a very model of the "preux chevalier," ready to play the gallant with a woman, but always tenacious of his own honour. In the duel scene he had the finest field for the display of his talents. The gradual awakening to a sense of the injury he had inflicted on his wife, in intriguing with Madame Dumesnil, was shown in a manner both intellectually and physically artistic; and would in itself have stamped him as a comedian of the most finished school. M. Devaux made an excellent Achilles Keronare; his acting was frank and open, at the same time gentlemanly. Madame de Vardes found an exceedingly clever and graceful representative in Madlle. Duverger, who to a natural grace and intelligence of expression adds a perfect acquaintance with stage business. In the pathetic passages of her part she both moved her audience to pity and charmed them with the truthfulness with which she depicted the feelings of the injured mother. The subordinate parts were well cast, and no pains were spared to render the piece effective in a scenic point of view.

#### GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The notice of Mr. John Parry's reappearance in London after a retirement of seven years, at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's benefit, caused a large crowd of his admirers to assemble at this gallery on Monday last. His inimitable and peculiar talent is admirably adapted for an alliance with such power as Mrs. Reed possesses, aided as it is by the musical ability and increasing dramatic skill of Mr. Reed. The reception of Mr. Parry was genial and enthusiastic; and if he exhibited a little nervousness on the occasion, it was easily to be accounted for by the warm and overwhelming greeting of his friends. His re-introduction was pleasantly managed. He falls in accidentally, while on a sketching expedition, with Mr. and Mrs. Reed, they being also in search of another class of sketches for their "Home Circuit." A quaint satire upon the affectation of art criticism is given by Mr. Parry, followed by his well-known vocal and instrumental rendering of the late Albert Smith's "Fayre Rosamonde," the excellence of which was as captivating and effective as when it was originally composed. Mr. Parry is perhaps somewhat lower intone, but his pianoforte accompaniment is as marvellous as ever, and his quiet, dry humour was never more admirably displayed. It is a question whether the volunteer movement should be made a theme for ridicule; but as the positions are more humorous than ill-natured, we must not find fault, inasmuch as the conclusion, in a musical embodying of a drill, was so cleverly carried out that we could not help joining heartily in the general approbation. This termination of the first part of the entertainment was an extraordinary success. In the second part Mr. Reed's unfinished, and, we hope, never to be completed, opera, famous in its most amusing obstructions, was received as usual with all the demonstrations that mirth and enjoyment could bestow; and concluded with a scene from the "Barbiere," by Mrs. Reed and Mr. Parry, who are supposed to return from an amateur performance of that opera. The Reed and Parry alliance will, we believe, continue, and an entirely newly written entertainment will doubtless be the result.

#### WASHINGTON FRIEND'S PANORAMA.

This gentleman, whose name has so long been before the public in large placards displayed on every wall or hoarding which offers facility for the exercise of the bill-sticker's art, has at length arrived in town, bringing with him a panorama of North American scenery and a musical entertainment which will render him a welcome addition to our metropolitan amusements. Now, when so much advertisement is made prior to the arrival of a gentleman like Mr. Washington Friend, it is natural to expect excellence of a superior order in whatever he may undertake. In too many instances results are found by experience to fall far short of preformed ideas; in this case, however, such is not the case, for Mr. Friend's entertainment is really what it professes to be—a first-rate pictorial representation of nearly three thousand miles of some of the finest scenery in the world, with oral and vocal illustrations suited to the localities through which the spectator is supposed to travel. Space will not permit of our entering into a detailed description of the principal tableaux of the panorama; suffice it to say that they are executed with every attention to detail, and will fully enable the "stay at home" traveller to form a correct idea of our North American possessions, both as regards scenic aspect and domestic economy. Mr. Friend's panorama of songs comprises some of the prettiest melodies of the day, and many that are of his own composing. We can recommend the whole entertainment as an excellent medium of instruction, and an agreeable way of spending an hour or two.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GLEANINGS.

Mademoiselle Sedlatzek, this young lady, who made so favourable an impression at the German and Italian operas, we see has issued a programme for a *matinée musicale*, to take place at Campden House, Kensington, on June 14.

The amateur theatricals announced for Monday evening at Campden House came off with great éclat. The pieces selected for the occasion were the "Soldier's Daughter," "Twenty minutes with H.P.," and the farces "Poor Pillicoddy" and "Done on both sides." Mrs. Cowper, as Widow Cheerly, was capital, and met with good support from her amateur company. The little theatre was densely crowded.

Mr. Planché is actively engaged in arranging the effects to be produced at Her Majesty's upon the revival of Weber's "Oberon." Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto" is also in rehearsal; it will probably be brought before the public next week. Titiens, Albani, and Vaneri will sustain the principal parts.

An opera comique has been brought out at the Theatre Lyrique at Paris with great success. It is entitled "Les Valets de Gascogne," and reminds one of the thousand versions of "Figaro." It is gaily written by Philippe Gilles; and the music, by Dufrene, is very agreeable.

The theatrical season at Brussels has come to a close. The Theatre de la Monnaie has recently been giving "Guillaume Tell," with "Les Charmeurs" and "Le Tableau Parlant." Madlle. Dupuis has gained golden opinions on all sides by her acting in the second-named piece.

The Royal Academy of Music at New York terminated its season on the 19th ult. Madlle. Patti, the pet of the *habitués*, was preparing for a concert tour. In her absence, Madame Cortesi will try to manage the affairs at the Academy on her own account and responsibility, fully relying for success on a new tenor, Musiani. Madame Gazzaniga, who, shortly before the close of the season, sang two or three times to empty houses, and with a less than ordinary success, owing to the lamentable fact that her voice has suffered considerably, and that she knows less than ever how to manage it, will continue, so we are informed, as for the last two years, to give farewell performances.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY. (Sixth and concluding Notice.)

We cannot but rejoice that the portraits of this year's exhibition are fewer than in preceding years, but we should be better pleased if those now

hanging on the walls of the Academy were of a higher and more interesting order. Portrait painters have much to contend with; they cannot afford to forego commissions, and must take the chance of a want of poetry in the countenance of a prosperous mayor or zealous jail ordinary. They have no option as to the character of costume; they must do the bidding either of the best black broadcloth, or chains of gold surmounting robes of scarlet and fur. In a pecuniary point of view, this may be satisfactory enough to the artist; the public, however, would prefer consulting their own pleasure of inspecting these portraits in the public halls or board-rooms in which they are destined to be placed. Room would thus be afforded to many of the "outsiders" of the Academy, whose subjects of domestic and historical interest tend more materially to develop the loftier aims of art. How few portraits of the present day will please posterity. We except, of course, the descendants of original delineation. Not so with Sir Thomas Lawrence or Sir Joshua Reynolds, and not so would it be with such painters as John Prescott Knight, the clever secretary of the Royal Academy, had he the opportunity of selecting his own subjects. We have seen portraits by this artist, of men famed in literature and science, pictures in themselves, without the need of a nominal appendage. It is different when he is reduced to depicting the features of some meritorious officer of a mercantile association, though this class of likenesses from his pencil are as faithful and artistic as the circumstances will allow. Mr. Knight has seven portraits in this exhibition; Nos. 53, 101, 252, 589, being perhaps the most admirable. No. 101 is very striking. Mr. Grant seems to be making a retrograde movement in his art; his largest group may be highly gratifying to the feelings of Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn, but it by no means sustains the artist's previous reputation. No. 52, *The Dowager Lady Napier*, is a far more successful effort; and the countenance of *Right Hon. J. W. Henley*, No. 72, is marked by vigorous individuality. Mr. H. Weigall, an artist of rising reputation, exhibits three portraits. No. 218, *The Countess of Ailes*, a full-length figure in black, is well painted, and though proud and commanding, is at the same time graceful and elegant. No. 300, *Mrs. William Vernon Harcourt*, is characterised by the same good taste. This young artist has made rapid progress. Mr. Buckner delights as usual in raiments of fashion, and does not fail to render the features of his fair sitters as fascinating as possible. But to our mind this kind of fascination is neither graceful nor ladylike. No. 177, *Mrs. Aubrey de Vere Beauclerk*, is an exception; it is painted with far more delicacy, and the treatment is generally good. We should strongly advise Mr. Thorburn to confine himself to miniature painting. No. 93, *Portraits of Three Children*, are pretty enough in the simplicity of their expression, but are wanting in all the characters of an oil painting. Sir J. Watson Gordon, R.A., greatly disappoints us this year—No. 109, *Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, Bart., of Altyre*, is "loud" in tone, expression, and everything. The veteran Pickersgill has no less than eight portraits; they are up to his usual standard. Mrs. Carpenter exhibits largely, but falls short of her usual excellence. A three-quarter length, No. 73, *Mrs. Herbert Barnard*, with composition, is beautifully painted by Mr. Sant, and his other portraits fully carry out his established ability for colour and execution. The portrait of the *Rev. P. Wynter, D.D.*, president of St. John's College, Oxford, is very ably painted by Mr. W. Reviere.

The miniatures, now considerably reduced in number, and far more conveniently placed for inspection, are of average character. Those of Mr. T. H. Wells, Mr. E. Moira, and Miss A. Dixon, being the most worthy of notice. A white enamel, *The Holy Family*, after Raphael, by T. Bott, is an exquisite specimen of that branch of art.

Architectural drawings find little favour in the Royal Academy, and are to be found in much better perfection in the exhibition in Conduit Street. Engravings, too, may be said to be "gone to the wall" in both senses of the term. There are doubtless many first-rate specimens of this favourite style of art, but it is very much more easy to arrive at their merits at the windows of the printers than



on the walls of the comfortless, dark, doomed octagon apartment in the Royal Academy.

Descend we now to the shades below, the dungeon of sculpture, only entered by a few straggling visitors, who feel determined to have the entire worth of their money. We believe it was Sheridan, who, on being asked if he had ever been down a coal-pit, said, "No, I have not, but I generally say I have been." Possibly the majority of the sight-seers who visit the Royal Academy feel that the sculpture vault possesses the same amount of visual amusement as the coal-pit; never venture into it, but think it incorrect to deny their entrance. They do not sustain a severe loss—the sculpture is inferior to that of former years. Chantrey has passed away, Bailey is almost silent with his chisel; and the few good sculptors among us do not allow poetry to inspire them too frequently; they are, for the most part, content to signalise themselves by busts alone. From the few works of higher class, we may mark out the diploma work of Mr. Foley, R.A., *The Elder Brother*, in *Comus*, No. 950, a very chaste and graceful design finished with the most consummate care. The portrait marble statuette by Baron Marochetti is pleasing, but unequal in execution. Mr. Durham's *Chastity*, No. 1034—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt!"—

fully carries out the feeling conveyed in the lines we have quoted. His *Sunshine*, 1090, is also very beautiful. *Erin*, No. 1001, by W. J. Doherty, a name new to us, is a very clever conception. The semi-nude figure in an erect position, her right hand resting on a harp, is admirably chiselled. This work augurs a prosperous future. Mr. Adams and the Napier family seem to be strongly connected by ties of marble. Nos. 959, 967, represent the late General Sir William, and his granddaughter Lena, daughter of Henry Austin Bruce, M.P.—the latter not deficient in a certain amount of design, the forming not having any good point whatever to recommend it. We have always wondered why this sculptor should have been selected to execute the ungainly Napier Statue at Trafalgar Square. *Miranda*, No. 980, by J. Lawlor, merits observation. In closing our description of the Royal Academy, we wish we could say to its sculpture authorities—

"Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities."

We trust the day is not far distant when the works of native sculptors will find a better home. Till such is the case, genius and talent will remain dormant, and artists will not care to exhibit.

**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—The third annual report has just been made by the trustees, from which it appears that certain new trustees have been appointed. The following gentlemen now constitute the board:—Earl Stanhope, chairman; Wm. Smith, Esq., the Lord President of the Council for the time being; the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Elcho, Lord Robert Cecil, the Bishop of Oxford, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Disraeli, Sir G. C. Lewis, Sir F. Palgrave, T. Carlyle, Esq., Sir C. Eastlake, W. Carpenter, Esq., and W. Stirling, Esq. In their first report the trustees gave a list of 13, and in their second report the list continued to 26 of donations, offered and accepted. Up to the present time that list may be continued as follows:—27. *John Knox*, 1505—1572; painter unknown; presented by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., April, 1859. 28. *James Gillray*, 1757—1815; a miniature, painted by himself; presented by Colonel Charles Bagot, July, 1859. 29. *Sir Stamford Raffles*, 1781—1826; painted by G. Joseph; presented by his nephew, the Rev. W. C. Raffles, Flint, December, 1859. 30. *The Right Hon. Thomas Winnington*, 1696—1746; painted by Zincke; presented by Sir T. Winnington, Bart., M.P., December, 1859. 31. *Sir Francis Chantrey*, R.A., 1781—1841; painted by T. Phillips; presented by Lady Chantrey, December, 1859. 32. *James Stanley*, seventh Earl of Derby, K.G. (beheaded at Bolton, 1651); after Van Dyck; presented by the Earl of Derby, K.G., February, 1860. 33. *Matthew Prior*, 1664—1721; painted by Jonathan Richardson; presented by the Earl of Derby,

K.G., February, 1860. 34. *Sir Leoline Jenkins*, 1623—1685; painted by Herbert Tuer, at Nimeguen; presented by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, Feb., 1860. 35. *Henry Kirke White*, 1785—1806; a medallion, modelled by Chantrey; presented by Dr. F. Boott, February, 1860. The purchases made were stated by the trustees in their first report as amounting to 22, and in their second report as amounting to 44. They have now increased, as the following list will show, to 62:—45. *Lord Nelson*, 1758—1805; painted at Vienna by H. Füger; purchased April, 1859. 46. *Abraham Cowley*, 1618—1667; painted by Mrs. Beale; purchased May, 1859. 47. *Earl Howe*, K.G., 1725—1799; painted by Singleton; purchased May, 1859. 48. *John Schden*, 1584—1654; painter unknown; purchased May, 1859. 49. *John Hunter*, 1728—1793; copied by John Jackson from Sir Joshua Reynolds; purchased May, 1859. 50. *James, Second Duke of Ormond*, 1665—1745; painted by M. Dahl; purchased May, 1859. 51. *The Seven Bishops* of 1688; painter unknown; purchased June, 1859. 52. *John Smeaton*, 1724—1792; painter unknown; purchased June, 1859. 53. *Warren Hastings*, 1732—1818; painted by Tilly Kettle; purchased June, 1859. 54. *David Garrick*, 1716—1779; painted by R. E. Pine; purchased June, 1859. 55. *James Watt*, 1736—1819; painted by De Breda; purchased Dec., 1859. 56. *Dr. Darwin*, 1731—1802; painted by Wright of Derby; purchased Dec., 1859. 57. *Sir M. I. Brannell*, 1769—1849; painted by S. Drummond; purchased Dec., 1859. 58. *Archbishop Tillotson*, 1630—1694; painted by Mrs. Beale; purchased Feb., 1860. 59. *Wm. Huntington*, S.S., 1744—1813; painter unknown; purchased Feb., 1860. 60. *Sir William Herschel*, 1738—1822; painted by Abbott; purchased Feb., 1860. 61. *Mary Queen of Scots*, 1542—1587; painter unknown; purchased February, 1860. 62. *John Howard*, the Philanthropist, 1726—1790; painted by Mather Brown; purchased February, 1860. The report goes on to say:—"Under the regulations stated in the report of last year, the temporary apartments now forming the gallery have been open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays by tickets, obtained, on application, from the principal printers. The trustees have learnt, with much gratification, the pleasure which has been expressed on these occasions by many intelligent visitors. But on the first three days of Easter week the trustees made arrangements, by an increased number of attendants, for the reception, without tickets, of much larger numbers. On Easter Monday, the 9th of April, the visitors were 771; on the 10th, 440; and on the 11th, 426. On the result of this experiment the secretary wrote as follows to the chairman:—'I have the honour to state that our Easter holidays have passed off in the most satisfactory manner. All the visitors were very orderly, and there was not one instance to be seen of any attempt to touch the pictures. The only danger to be apprehended was from an accidental push of an elbow from people crowding, or in turning suddenly round. All very fortunately went off well.' It need scarcely be added that the admission of the public on the largest scale, and without restriction of any kind, will be a paramount object with the trustees whenever their temporary apartments can be exchanged for a permanent and commodious gallery. This is a point which they would venture to press on the serious consideration of both the Government and the Legislature. It will be obvious to any one who pays a visit to the present apartments that not only are many pictures hung, for want of space, in a most unfavourable light, but that very little space of any kind now remains for fresh accessions, whether by donation or by purchase."

**CLARE'S GALLERY, 14, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.**—We find several additions of ancient furniture, curiosities, and armour at this Gallery. The more we see the Screen from the Church of St. Luke, Cremona, the more we are convinced of its unique character and beauty. A restoration would render it a valuable adornment to any public building. It is carved in pear-tree wood, and contains many allegorical designs, one, especially, of St. Luke.—Some curious cross-bows, and crusaders prick-spurs, found at Ipswich, form part of the

collection. There is a very fair copy of Carlo Dolce, *The Passion*, from the original in the Tuscan Palace. The pier table, of Egyptian porphyry, from the sale at Stowe House, 1848, is very beautiful. The frame is supported by two antique chimære of oriental alabaster; the table stands on a plinth, with looking-glass at the back. A suite of furniture painted in Cipriani fashion is in good order. The Andromeda tapestry will shortly be exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

**MR. CROPSEY'S AUTUMN ON THE HUDSON RIVER.**—Mr. Cropsey, an American artist who has come to this country for his health, has produced a picture of considerable merit, *Autumn on the Hudson River*, which is exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Thompson and Co., 43, Pall Mall. The view is above Brooklyn, looking downwards towards the mouth of the river. At the right of the picture, we get a view of West Point, and the village of Cornwall, the home of N. P. Willis. The Catskill mountains, Crow's Nest, and other crags, are seen in the distance. On the left lies the ground made famous in many of Washington Irving's tales. The peculiar haziness of the Indian summer is given with great felicity. The character of the second summer is well known, the cold dews and light frosts changing the tints of the trees from the verdure and green to the brightest crimson, a result we notice in our own clime in the well-known American plant, the Virginia Creeper. In the foreground, the foliage of the scarlet oak, the hemlock pine, the silver birch and the sugar maple, present all the beautiful hues of autumn. The time is mid-day, and the bright sun, chequered with a few clouds, lights up the many crafts moving with life upon the waters, the waves of which ripple with the gentlest emotion. There is great fascination in this work; it is a very presentment of nature in her gladness. Objection might be made, perhaps, to the leafy minuteness, but while the artist has indulged in much detail, he has avoided the excess of pre-Raphaelitism. The dim gray distance, and sparkling river, are beautifully painted, and as a work of art it may be considered truthful and effective. We understand that a line engraving is preparing by Mr. S. O. Barlow, which will have the advantage of the artist's personal supervision and taste. On the walls of this same gallery, are to be seen the original water-colour drawings, by Carlo Rossoli, illustrative of the late Italian war, from which Messrs. Day last year published a selection of coloured lithographs.

## SCIENCE.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—A general meeting of the members of the reception and lodgings committee was held in the general lecture-room of the Clarendon, Oxford, on Wednesday, to receive a second report of the arrangements in progress for the meeting of this Association. The Professor of Botany, Dr. Daubeny, was in the chair, surrounded by a large number of the senior members of the University. A report was read by Mr. H. J. Smith, of Balliol, one of the honorary secretaries, from which it appeared that since the last meeting of the committee, a letter of invitation had been issued to all the members of the association, to the number of upwards of 2,000; and the answers already received led the committee to believe that the meeting would be well attended by the representatives of science in England as well as abroad. The proceedings will commence on Wednesday, the 27th of June, at four o'clock p.m., with the opening address of the President, which will be delivered in the Sheldonian theatre. The hours from eleven to three on the five following week days, viz., from Thursday, 28th, to Tuesday, 3d, inclusive, will be occupied with the proceedings of the sections. On two of the afternoons (Friday, June 29, and Monday, July 2,) there will be general discourses in the Sheldonian theatre, at four o'clock. The second of these, the subject of which will be "The Present State of our Knowledge of the Physical Condition of the Sun," will be delivered by Professor Walker. The evenings of the five days mentioned, with the exception of Saturday, it is proposed to occupy with soirées in the University Museum. The last of these evenings will be especially devoted to the exhibition of microscopes,

and Dr. Acland and Mr. Gray, of Exeter College, who have undertaken the care of this exhibition, have received numerous promises of assistance from several of the most eminent microscopists and opticians throughout the country. Another evening will be occupied with electrical experiments, which it is proposed to exhibit at intervals during the evening in the general lecture room. The local committee hope to be able to give, in like manner, a special character to the two remaining evenings, which may render them more interesting to some of the persons assembled. The concluding meeting will take place in the afternoon of Wednesday, July 4, in the Sheldonian theatre. The sectional proceedings properly close on Tuesday, but in many of the sections, owing to the pressure of matter, they are continued in the forenoon of Wednesday. In addition to the visitors, for whom lodgings or rooms in colleges will be provided, a considerable number of persons, it is anticipated, will be received into the houses of their private friends. The following have announced their intention of being present at the meeting:—Lord Wrottesley (president), Earl Ducie, Earl Rosse, Lord Enniskillen, Professor Adams of Cambridge, Dr. Andrews of Belfast, Right Hon. Charles Adderley, M.P., Sir David Brewster, and many other distinguished scientific Englishmen and foreigners. The reception and lodgings committee appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the forthcoming meeting of this association in Oxford next month have entered upon their duties, and are actively employed in obtaining every information and facility for the many distinguished visitors who are likely to sojourn in that city for the week. In order that no one may be deterred from attending this meeting by an apprehension of excessive charges for accommodation, the proprietors of the Star, Angel, King's Arms, Roebuck, and Cross Hotels, have been communicated with, and they have expressed their willingness to limit their charge for beds to 3s. per night, and for sitting rooms to 4s. per day. Circulars have also been sent to upwards of 300 persons who have lodgings to let, to ascertain the amount of accommodation which they have at their disposal, and the terms required for it. A register of these returns is kept by the committee, who will thus be enabled to assist visitors, in obtaining for them the accommodation which they may require. An arrangement has also been entered into with nearly all the proprietors of cabs and flies, and they have consented to limit their charge for conveyances. The lodgings committee meet once a week, and will be happy to assist with every information parties requiring accommodation as well as those who have rooms to let. The meeting of the association, which will be honoured with the presence of the Prince Consort, who will resign the presidency into the hands of his successor, promises to be a very brilliant one.

**BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.**—May 30.—T. J. Pettigrew, vice-president. The Rev. J. C. Mordaunt, of Mopley, was elected an associate. Mr. Syer Cuming read some notes in reference to an ancient shrine discovered in Lancashire, exhibited by Mr. Sim. It is a portable *feretrum* to contain relics, composed of latten, and in the form of the sleeve of a sacerdotal vest. The front had been furnished with crystal, through which the holy object could be viewed. It bore resemblance to the shrine of St. Olaf preserved in the Copenhagen Museum. The Lancashire specimen was found on the site of a battle, and it had probably been carried to that spot to invoke success to its possessors. Mr. George Wright exhibited a fine specimen of silver lace, entirely metal, which had formed part of a baptismal mantle or bearing cloth, which, from 1659, had been in the possession of the Viseys, of Hintlesham Priory, Suffolk. Mr. Elliott exhibited a posey-ring of the time of Elizabeth, found in Fulham fields. It was very small, of gold, and had on the interior "No Frynd to Fayth." He also produced a silver *etui*, in the form of a fish, very elastic, and with eyes of garnets. Also a Chinese *chatelein* of silver, analogous to toilet instruments found in Teutonic barrows. It was composed of two tooth-picks, an ear-pick, a nail-pick, a tongue-scraper, and a pair of tongs with carved points. Mr. Wills exhibited a small but powerful pair of iron nutcrackers, and a brass watch seal, with the profile of Queen Anne,

found in the Thames. Mr. E. Roberts exhibited a coin from the Cella, at Hanover, found at Boulogne, of the date 1634. Mr. Wentworth sent some ancient documents for exhibition, among which were two letters from the Duke of Buckingham, from Wallingford House and London, dated 1668 and 1672, and an Order in Council against Papists and Sectarians, dated Feb. 3, 1674-5, signed "Robert Southwale." Dr. Palmer sent a rector of Newbury's token, "Joseph Sayer, 1666-1674." It represents a Bible in the field. Mr. Winkley sent a Nuremberg *jetton*, lately found at Primer, Middlesex. It bears the name of "Hans Krauwinkel," and had a motto, "Gottes gaben sol man lob"—"God's gifts shall one praise." Mr. Vere Irving exhibited further antiquities from Lancashire: a bronze head of a very small javelin, found with calcined bones in an earthen urn; the silver pommel of a dagger decorated with a shield charged with a lion rampant (it is of the fourteenth century); a *cascel* engraved with eight arches, and the initials "R.W." In the Scottish Museum are specimens, with the name of "Wigan" on them. Mr. Syer Cuming read some notices of remains obtained from a Roman villa, at Box, in Wiltshire, and exhibited specimens thrown out to mend the high-ways. Mr. Pettigrew presented a Phœnician inscription, found among the papers of the late Mr. Frere, at Malta. It is in six lines, and Mr. Pettigrew gave as its interpretation: "Thyro, the perfection of beauty, woman of women, the centre of society as the heart is of the body, all superior, joy itself, the source of pleasure and delight, more than language can express." Mr. Thomas Wright produced two letters from the Rev. Mr. Egremont and Dr. Henry Johnson, of Shropshire, detailing some recent discoveries at Worcester. The antiquities consisted of hair-pins, some of which are elegantly worked, a portion of a large and rough *fibula*, the head of a bird, a quantity of highly-ornamented Samian ware, a beautiful bowl of the same, with inscriptions and the representation of a stag-hunt, many coins, among which there was one of Allectus, some specimens of mural painting, impression of a dog's foot on a tile, and another of a sandal, &c. There has also been found a chamber 32ft. in length, of masonry, a pillar with a well-formed base, a furnace lined with vitrified clay, &c. These will be particularised in the account given by Mr. Wright in the several numbers of the journal of the association.

**ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.**—JUNE 3.—Dr. Macgowan, who has been in China as a medical missionary for 15 years, delivered a lecture on the present state of Japan. Having made himself useful to the authorities in various ways, especially as a teacher of the English language, Dr. Macgowan had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, and with the general condition of the country. On approaching the coast of Japan, the first thing that strikes a stranger is the apparent absence of life, for as the law forbids the natives from going beyond a short distance from shore, and from holding any intercourse with foreigners, their boats keep close to the coast. The strictness of the law in this respect will, in Dr. Macgowan's opinion, present a barrier to the operation of any commercial treaty. Japan is very volcanic, and the many volcanoes in a state of active eruption make the island appear in a blaze as it is approached from the south-east. Earthquakes are consequently very frequent; so frequent, indeed, that there is a constant tremor of the earth, and the perturbations of the sea occasioned by them produce effects similar to the influx of the tide, so that as many as 12 apparent tides have been noticed in one day. There is evidence of gold mines, from the comparative abundance of that metal, which bears a proportionate value to silver of only one to five, whilst the value of silver is about the same as in Europe. The coins in the island are numerous; and so much importance is attached to coinage, that a Japanese work on numismatics, of six volumes, full of illustrations, has been brought out, one volume of which was exhibited to the audience. Paper money also is issued, and Dr. Macgowan produced as a specimen a small bill of exchange for an amount not exceeding three farthings. Copper is very plentiful, one small island being a mass of copper ore. It is converted into all kinds of uses as well as ornaments, and is fashioned

into boxes and gutters, and into the decorations of boats and houses. Lead, tin, and mercury are also found in the island; and, what is of still greater importance, it possesses several beds of coal. The miners, who are of all ages, were described as extremely wretched, and their condition may be taken as an indication, Dr. Macgowan observed, that the labouring population of Japan generally are in a bad state. The botany of the island is more varied than that of any country of the same area, as it comprises the flora of the tropics and of the antarctic regions. It possesses this remarkable peculiarity, that, instead of resembling in general features the flora of the western shores of America bordering on the Pacific, it is more like that of the eastern and most distant side of the American continent. Among the vegetable products is a kind of wood nearly as hard as iron, but the tree from which it is obtained is unknown to Europeans. The Japanese possess the art of dwarfing and of magnifying vegetable products in an extraordinary manner. Dr. Macgowan saw a plum-tree, a cherry-tree, and a fir-tree growing in a small box not more than six inches long, the plum-tree being in blossom; whilst, on the other hand, cabbages are grown of such a size that one is as much as a man can lift. The Japanese horticulturists also possess the power of concentrating the vigour of a fruit-tree in a single branch, which will thus bear blossom and fruit much greater than the common size. Of the animals of Japan, the deer and wild boar are the most common; the fox, which is an object of worship, abounds there; and horses and oxen are common. The art of horsemanship has not attained much perfection in Japan. It is only practised by the princes and grandees, and it is customary when riding to have one man to lead the horse and one on each side to prevent the rider from falling off. But when the Government determined to add a cavalry force to the army, that style of riding was found inconvenient, and the cavalry were taught horseriding, in European fashion, by some Dutch sailors. The Japanese are a diminutive race, their average height not being more than five feet four inches; and Dr. Macgowan considers them to be ethnologically of the same family as the North American Indians, on craniological and philological grounds. The attempt to introduce Christianity into Japan was a failure, but by adopting better means than at first applied it is not improbable the existing prejudice against Christianity may be removed. The Buddhist form of religion prevails in great strictness. As an instance of the superstition of the people, it was mentioned that their spiritual Emperor was formerly kept continually in an upright position, from the dread that if his head inclined, that part of the empire towards which it was directed would suffer disaster. At length an ingenious courtier suggested that the same object would be gained if the crown were fixed upright; and that suggestion having been acted on, the Emperor was liberated, and allowed to walk about his palace. Another inconvenience attached to the spiritual sovereignty is that everything touched by the Emperor is tabooed, so that no one, not even himself, must touch it afterwards. Every vessel he drinks from is broken immediately afterwards, and his clothes are burnt after having been once worn. This practice, it may be supposed, must add greatly to the expenditure of the imperial household; but, in order to diminish the cost, the spiritual Emperor is clothed with vestments of the coarsest materials. Dr. Macgowan said the predominant character of the Japanese system of government is *espionage*, which is carried on to an extent unknown in any other government. He recommended the cultivation in India of the paper-mulberry and the paper-bamboo, as aids to the supply so much needed of this material. Their specimens exhibited of the ceramic art were exquisite—particularly some wine-cups, externally of fine wicker-work, internally of glass or porcelain. Some of their cutlery is equal to that of Sheffield, whilst in the manufacture of shams of all kinds, from mummies to animal monstrosities, they are imitable. Colonel Sykes, M.P., the President of the society, in presenting Dr. Macgowan with the thanks of the meeting, characterised the lecture as at once "elaborate, instructive, and amusing."

**THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.**—JUNE 4.—General monthly meeting; Sir R. I. Murchison, D.C.L.,



F.R.S., vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Charles Gibbes and Miss Sarah Gibbes were duly elected members; Mr. Thomas R. Andrews and Mr. George B. Buckton were admitted members. The presents received since the last meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same.

**THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—The ancient plate and other objects of antiquarian interest, belonging to the Carpenters', Ironmongers', Armourers', and other companies will be exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, to be held on the 21st inst., at the Society's apartments, Somerset House. The ancient plate then exhibited will be described by Mr. Morgan, M.P., F.S.A. Mr. Nichol, F.S.A., the present master of the company, will notice the various objects of interest exhibited by the Ironmongers' Company.

#### THE OXYDISING POWER OF TURPENTINE.

M. Berthelot records his investigations on this subject in the "Annales de Chimie." The decoloration, by oxydation, of indigo through the action of spirit of turpentine, was discovered by M. Schönbein, who likewise observed a similar action on sulphurous acid and several metals. M. Berthelot notices the same effect on pyrogallate of potash, sugar, and probably mercury. To show its action upon indigo, a diluted solution of the sulphate of that substance is boiled with turpentine that has been distilled some weeks. The mixture is shaken, and the indigo soon decolors. In order to ascertain what volume of turpentine was necessary to decolorise a given quantity of indigo, M. Berthelot continued to add fresh indigo as the loss of colour took place, and found that the experiment might be indefinitely prolonged. The action grew slower and slower, but did not cease, even at the end of several weeks. This method, however, did not answer, as most of the turpentine was volatised, and what remained was converted into resin. He then tried to do without heat, and found the action took place with the help of agitation at ordinary temperatures, although not so fast as when the mixture was heated to 100 deg. (Centigrade). Into a flask holding 10 litres, M. Berthelot introduced 5 cubic centimetres of turpentine, 50 grammes of water, and 100 centimetres of a solution tinged with indigo. This quantity of indigo required for its bleaching 50 cubic centimetres of chlorine, which he states signifies 25 centimetres of oxygen. The mixture specified was kept for eight months at a temperature of from 20 deg. to 30 deg. Cent., and fresh indigo was added as the decolorisation proceeded. At the end of five days, the 5 cubic centimetres of turpentine had decolorised 400 centimetres of the indigo solution. In seven days the turpentine had determined the absorption of 20 volumes of oxygen, in sixteen days of 40 volumes, and so on up to 168 volumes in 220 days, when the turpentine was converted into resin, and had lost its properties.

In order to ascertain if the decoloration had been produced by the action of air and light, the experimenter poured a single drop of the indigo solution into a quarter of a litre of water, and exposed it to the same conditions as the preceding mixture, but it remained unaltered for months. The rate at which the oxygen was absorbed varied, being greatest at the beginning. M. Berthelot observes that a cubic centimetre of essence of turpentine determines the absorption by indigo of 168 cubic centimetres of oxygen—that is to say, that one gramme of the essence corresponds to 0.27 grammes of oxygen absorbed. One cubic centimetre of the essence requires for its conversion into water and carbonic acid two litres of oxygen, so that the proportion of oxygen absorbed by the indigo is 12 times as much as suffices for the complete combustion of the turpentine. In other words, one equivalent of spirit of turpentine (C. 20, H. 16) determines the absorption by indigo of 4.7 equivalents of oxygen. In exhibiting the oxydising action of turpentine on pyrogallate of potash, it is necessary to exclude the air, which has a similar effect. M. Berthelot states that the active essence of turpentine forms an emulsion with mercury, and reduces the metal to a state of division; at the same time producing a black powder, which appears formed of protoxide. By exposing a solution of sugar with a little lime to the action of the turpentine, a notable quantity of oxalic acid was ob-

tained. M. Berthelot compares this process to that which takes place in the vegetable world.

Spirit of turpentine is brought into its active state by leaving it for some time after distillation in a vessel half filled. Solar light is useful, but not indispensable to the process, which goes on in the darkness of a closed cupboard. When the oxydising property has been once acquired it holds it for years, and probably until resinification takes place. It can be deprived of this property by ebullition at 160 deg.; by agitation in a close vessel with pyrogallate of potash or mercury; and by some other means. M. Berthelot could not succeed in detecting any important physical difference between the temperature in its two states, and he considers that this is owing to the fact that only a very small portion of the whole mass is really in the active state. Among the many explanations of these oxydising phenomena which might be suggested, and which are experimentally discussed by M. Berthelot, it seems probable that oxygen forms with the turpentine unstable combinations, which are decomposed when a stronger affinity is brought into operation.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

**MON. Geographical.** 8½.—Sir B. Schomburgk, F.R.G.S., on "Boat Excursion from Bangkok to Pechaburi, with General Report on the Trade of Siam." Dr. M. R. Delany, and Mr. R. M. Campbell, on "Late Explorations in Western Africa by Coloured Gentlemen."

**TUES. Zoological.** 9.—Professor Macdonald, on "Zoological Classification." Dr. Gray, on "A New Form of Fruit-Eating Bat." Dr. Günther, on "Reptiles from Central America," and other papers.

**WED. Geological.**—Dr. Falconer, continuation of paper on "The Bone Caves of Gower, Glamorganshire," with the Appendix by Mr. Prestwich on "The Raised Beach of Newlands Bay, and the existence of Boulder Clay in Gwyn-y-Crynn." Mr. Jamieson, on "The Occurrence of Crag Shells beneath the Boulder Clay of Aberdeenshire."

**"British Archaeological.** 8½.—Mr. Planché, on "The Cap of Estate Anciently Worn by the Sovereigns of England."

**THURS. Royal Society.**—Dr. Hofmann, "Action of Nitric Acid upon Nitro-phenylene-Diamine." Sir J. Herschel, on "The Formula Investigated by Dr. Brinkley for the General Term in the Development of Lagrange's Expression for the Summation of Series, and for successive Integration." J. P. Joule and W. Thomson, on "The Thermal Effects of Fluids in Motion."

**"Antiquaries.** 8½.

LORD BROUGHAM will visit Oxford at the approaching commemoration, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. will be conferred on him.

**SALE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S DRAWINGS.**—The sale of these drawings, to which we alluded in our last impression, has taken place during the week, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson. They are the remainder of the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection of drawings by old masters, repurchased at his death by the late Mr. Samuel Woodburn. One portion of the collection was secured to the nation through the liberality of Lord Eldon, and now form part of the collection of the University galleries of Oxford. They have recently been exhibited in the Museum, South Kensington, and photographed by the Government. It is, however, a matter of regret that the most choice specimens of the collection should have been previously purchased by the King of Holland, and others are in the possession of Dr. Wellesley and Professor Johnson, of Oxford. Sir Thomas Lawrence, notwithstanding his large income, almost impoverished himself through his enthusiasm for works of this description. He laid out, we are told, £40,000 upon them. Mr. Woodburn was fortunate enough to secure some of them, for which he paid 11,000 scudi. They are most choice and rare, and embrace specimens of the great masters of every school, including those of Raphael and Michael Angelo, gems of priceless value and interest.

**ERRATUM.**—In our notice of Mr. Scratchley's "Practical Treatise on Savings Banks," in last week's impression, there were two typographical errors which we desire to correct. In the seventeenth line of the final quotation, the word "exploration" appeared instead of "exposition," and in the twenty-fourth line "I have said" stood for "These said."

#### SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.

The Council of the Society of Arts has been indefatigable in making the necessary arrangements for the exhibition of 1862. At a meeting of the guarantee committee at the Society's house on Tuesday—the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., in the chair—it was announced that the sums already subscribed amounted to £302,000, which will almost suffice to ensure the promoters and those pecuniary concerned from any loss that might accrue by a failure of speculation.

The antiquities of London are fast disappearing. Among the old houses in Church Court, Inner Temple Lane, Fleet Street, in course of demolition, is No. 3, the house in which Goldsmith died. A memorial inscribed with his name and the date of his birth and death has been placed over his remains in the adjoining churchyard. A bust of the poet and a tablet to his memory adorn the little vestry of the beautiful Temple Church.

The Royal Society, at the recommendation of their council, have elected the following distinguished men of science foreign members of the society:—Mr. Alexander Bache, of Washington; M. Helmholtz, of Berlin; M. Albert Kolliker, of Würzburg; and M. de Verneuil, of Paris.

We have reason to believe that in consequence of the numerous applications made to the members of the council of the Royal Dramatic College by those patrons who were prevented by the weather from attending the grand *fete* and fancy fair of the day before, held at Maybury, it is intended to hold a fancy fair in London.

The committee appointed to inquire how far and in what way it may be desirable to find increased space for the extension and arrangement of the various collections of the British Museum, and also as to the best means of rendering them available for the promotion of science and art, met on Tuesday, Mr. Gregory in the chair. The other members of the committee are Sir George Grey, Mr. Turner, Mr. Hardy, Lord Stanley, Mr. Walpole, Mr. M. Milnes, Mr. Tite, Sir P. Egerton, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Knight, Lord Elcho, Mr. Puller, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Stirling. Mr. Panizzi, the principal librarian to the Museum, was the first witness examined. He stated that since the year 1848, various plans for increasing the accommodation had been considered. In every department, except those for books and MSS. there was a want of space. At present there was, according to the calculations which had been made, space for 800,000 volumes, but he believed room could be found for 1,000,000 volumes, and that the room would be sufficient for about 50 years, according to the number of volumes at present annually received. The only mode of providing additional space for the various collections, was by economising the existing accommodation, diminishing the number of articles, purchasing land contiguous to the Museum, or removing some of the collections elsewhere. In many cases the objects were too much crowded together, mixed up almost indiscriminately, and difficult of access. Mr. Panizzi then entered into a variety of details relative to the various departments, for the purpose of showing the impossibility of providing sufficient accommodation in the present building. The committee then adjourned.

Mr. Desanges is indefatigable in rendering his Victoria Cross Gallery at the Egyptian Hall as complete as possible. He has just added another picture, illustrating the bravery of Major Gough in rescuing his younger brother, Lieutenant Hugh Gough. The scene is the roof of a house at Khurkowda, near Delhi. Major Hodson and a few followers, among whom are these two gallant nephews of Lord Gough, have succeeded in dislodging a party of rebels from an upper chamber of the house by setting it on fire. In the struggle Lieutenant Gough falls, and a sower is seen standing over him with raised sword, and Major Gough is represented rushing to his brother's assistance. The fact of the picture containing the likeness of two brothers who have been decorated with the Victoria Cross invests it with additional interest.

The Painters' Company in Little Trinity Lane, City, have thrown open their hall to the public for

the exhibition of works in the different branches of decorative art, and visitors will be surprised at the beautiful specimens of arabesque designs, illuminated letter-writing, marbling, graining, inlaying, &c., that are ranged about the venerable room. But the mere exhibition of the works is the least important of the company's operations. In the case of pictures, everybody knows, or expects to know, the name of the artist; but, in the case of decorative art, folks are generally content with the name of the tradesman who sells, without troubling themselves about the artisan who executes. To the artisan, therefore, the old forgotten "paynter-stainers" suddenly appear as new and unexpected friends. His own name, and not that of his employers, is affixed in the company's catalogue to the productions of his ingenuity and skill, and if his merit is beyond the average, he has a chance of gaining a mark of distinction, awarded by five judges—two chosen from the trade, three from the company. The prizes in the present exhibition are gained by Mr. J. Simkin, for a graceful design in arabesque; Mr. McDouall, for inlaid marbling; Mr. J. Edmet, for writing on plate-glass; and Mr. T. Kershaw, for marbling and ornamental inlaid graining. They consist of a certificate of merit, together with the freedom of the company. The exhibition will remain open for three weeks, and, if the expectations of the projectors are answered, a similar one will take place every year. We know of no better method of encouraging taste in the decorative art than this. It would be as well if the public were more acquainted with the names of our leading craftsmen in the different trades devoted to it. Many a Cellini lives unknown to the world, who might attain a reputation by the simple publication of his name on the products of his industry if it were allowed by his employer.

Lord Brougham, after his inauguration at Edinburgh as Chancellor of the University, proceeded to Paris, where he has been spending a few days during the Whitsuntide recess. His lordship's late inaugural address at the University of Edinburgh has appeared of such high literary merit to the French *savans*, that an eminent professor at one of the French colleges is about to bring out a French translation of it.

From a return lately published, it appears the total amount expended in the purchase and maintenance of national collections in the financial year 1859-60 amounted to £230,448 8s. 5d., against £207,966 3s. 3d. in the year 1858-59. The total sum expended in the purchase and laying out of the grounds and buildings on the Kensington-gore estate from 1851 to 1858, exclusive, amounted to £372,100 15s. 10d. The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 repaid to the Treasury, in 1859, all the moneys granted by Parliament for the purchase of the Kensington-gore estate, less the value of the land retained by the Government for the purposes of the department of science and art; such estate, therefore, is now in the same position as any other private property.

THE ANNUAL VISITATION TO GREENWICH OBSERVATORY took place on Saturday last, and was very fully attended. The President of the Royal Society, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and his predecessor in that office, Lord Wrottesley, were present, and among the visitors were included his Excellency Count Platen, the Swedish Minister, Sir John Herschel, Dr. Whewell, and many distinguished astronomers, both foreign and British. The peculiar object of interest on the present occasion was the mounting of a new and magnificent equatorial telescope by the Astronomer Royal, Professor Airy, surpassing in magnitude any other in this country or in France, and nearly on a par with the celebrated instrument at Pultowa, which has achieved much for the science, and is an instance of the munificence of the Russian Government. The size of the object glass at the Royal Observatory is nearly 13 inches diameter, and the length of the telescope appears to be about 14 or 15 feet. It is so nicely balanced on its axis as to be movable vertically with the slightest touch, so that it can be elevated or depressed to the view of any object between the horizon and the zenith with such facility that it seems as if it moved self-supported in air, without the least friction on the supporting pivots.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, June 6.

MANY people fancy events are marching with threatening rapidity here towards a terrible conclusion; but, be that as it may as far as the exterior is concerned, it is quite clear that in the interior France is not being governed with a milder hand. It was always difficult, since the establishment of the Empire, for any one to express his entire conviction in print on any point, however remotely connected with politics, but it is gradually becoming impossible. Then, on the other hand, it must also be admitted that, granted the Government believes the free discussion of certain first causes and principles to be incompatible with its own safety, it has no course left it but the one it is now pursuing—of resolute and unceasing compression. Since the events I told you of in my last, it is quite certain that a sort of intellectual association has been formed, which, if it were allowed to subsist, and put forth its fruits, would simply make all despotism impossible. One after the other, out come these pamphlets, telling the most murderous truths, hitting the hardest possible hits, and leaving the authorities no resource save to make scandal still worse by prosecution. This time again the aggressors must get the upper-hand, I fancy, because they seek the noise and notoriety of a public trial, which their adversaries would rather avoid. Prévoist Paradol's pamphlet once seized, what is called an *ordonnance de non lieu* will be issued by the Juge d'Instruction, and it will be said that there is no cause to proceed further; but then comes an action for damages brought by the publisher (backed by the incurable, wicked, tiresome M. d'Haussonville); and thus, in an indirect, roundabout way, a public trial is secured, and Berryer, Dufaure, Jules Favre, or some other great orator, will make a frightfully mischievous speech, which 200 or 300 people will hear, and go about repeating for six weeks; and more harm will be done than the Government can ever hope to remedy, and the same old parts will be played over again by the same actors: these will attack afresh, and those will resort to the worse than useless attempt to stifle thought by compression.

Meanwhile, the Emperor is gradually getting more and more dissatisfied with his lieges; and some of those who are nearest to him say he is resolved on nothing less than *swamping* the Académie Française by raising its numbers from forty, as they stand at present, to fifty, the additional ten members being to be chosen out of the hangers-on of the Tuilleries. As the immediate consequence of this would be the retirement from their seats of perhaps twelve or fourteen of the now most illustrious academicians, it is probable the Government will hesitate somewhat before it proceeds to extremities.

A great excitement is produced here by what is supposed to be the future plan of political operation for the kingdom of Southern Italy. It is now believed by all who surround the Palais Royal that Prince Napoleon is the future king of the Two Sicilies, and in this respect two separate and very strong sentiments would seem to be gratified—the ambition of Prince Jérôme, the father, and the alarm of the Empress. In the *entourage* of the latter, "Plon-Plon" is commonly alluded to in whispers as "Richard III.!" But here, the Empress and her spouse are not at one. He is influenced, by his cousin, of whom he is in reality very fond, and whom he cannot live apart from long; whilst she trembles at the very name of old Jérôme's son, who certainly, whatever he may be to the Emperor Napoleon, has never been in any degree friendly to the Empress Eugénie. These, however, are the reports amongst those who ought best to know, and a crown is looked forward to which will take the husband of the poor little Princess Clotilde to a warmer summer sky than this cloudy uncertain Parisian one.

In the midst of all these intensely grave preoccupations, immense discussion goes on as to the forthcoming Opera House, the fate of its amusements never being for a moment lost sight of by this distraction-seeking and most-hard-to-be-amused people on the face of the earth. A notion had prevailed that the new Académie Impériale would

find its place on the Central Boulevards, and the matter was looked upon as quite settled; but there seems now to be a doubt, and it is rather supposed it will be decided upon to establish it in a more south-westerly direction, somewhat nearer the chief arterial road leading out from the Champs Elysées, towards which there can be no doubt the town itself is imperceptibly but steadily converging.

To any one who has the habit of frequenting places of public resort in this country, the existence of this said Grand Opera is a problem, for it is the very contrary of an amusement, and, excepting only in one respect, the very contrary of the kind of amusement this people cares for. The one only point on which it may meet their tastes is as to its material splendour—splendour, namely, of decoration, dress, scenery, &c.; as to everything else, I do maintain that it represents the contrary of whatever is pleasant to them. Above all, it is monotonous, which is the one defect they never forgive; and it is heavy, which in no one single branch of art can they be got to endure. The Grand Opera professes to keep up the classical school of "high art," and attempts to do so by an amount of noise and tuneless effort that no human being organised to feel music could possibly bear, yet night after night do these people here allow themselves to be led to the sacrifice, and no Frenchman or Frenchwoman rejoicing in that name would admit to you that he or she could support life without "l'Opéra!" as they call it, absolutely and exclusively. It is what it was a hundred years ago, when Jean Jacques Rousseau judged it so justly and so severely, and said it was the institution of all others best suited to a nation that was totally deprived of simplicity and genuine feeling.

Well, as I say, here they now are busy discussing this matter of their Opera House, with far more earnestness than the chances of what may, in a couple of months, bring about an universal complication of which no man living can foresee the term.

Meanwhile, his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. is extremely busy at this present moment writing a life of Julius Cæsar; and the other day, in a conversation he had with M. Troplong, the President of the Senate, he said seriously, and with a more than usually irate pull at his moustache, "Tacitus was a vile calumniator." I need scarcely add that M. Troplong was readily, and at once, of his master's mind upon the subject, and that these two authors agreed in their equal contempt for the glorious old Roman, who certainly fails in a proper sense of the benefits of despotism.

To descend from the eminence of history to the details of dress, there is a question much agitated here just now that may interest your lady readers; it is that of bands and buckles *versus* points, and of cages *versus* no cages. Now, it depends on politics, this same question of toilette. The Empress had made an effort to get back to a sort of modified costume of the first Empire—the most hideous attire in which probably "lovely woman" ever disguised herself. The effort has as yet not been successful: indeed it has been about as unsuccessful as was the attempt made in 1848 by the *montagnard* deputies to enforce the adoption of the Robespierre waistcoat. As yet the "revival" is a dead failure. Ladies condescend to a band and buckle here and there, but without the short waist, which is the very essence of the whole thing. The confession of the imperialist faith, whole and entire, lies in the short waist, and no amount of band or buckle can be looked upon (if accompanied by a long waist) as anything save a cowardly compromise. Then, again, here have these gowns without bodies separate—these *robes-casaque*—here have they been invented as an escape from the short bodices of our grandmothers; and, as to cages, people will go on wearing them, and altogether the matter of "principles" is thought, so far as dress is concerned, to be just now in an inauspicious aspect. The Empress had done her best to make every woman in France look to her manifest disadvantage, herself included, but the aforesaid persons appear to be somewhat in the position of the Commons of England, who evince considerable dislike to being made to commit suicide in order to please Lord John Russell and Mr. Bright. I believe "buckles," like the Reform Bill, will in the end have to be "withdrawn."



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